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TRICOLOR OVER PARIS

THE seizure of Paris from within is one of the great *gestes* of war which will leave its mark on history. From a military point of view the fate of the city was decided days before its fall. When General Patton's motorised columns crossed the Seine at Mantes and Melun, the French capital became untenable by its German garrison, consisting doubtless in the main of Security and administrative personnel; and, had such a step fitted in with General Eisenhower's plans, the entry into Paris of American troops might have forestalled the patriots' victory. As it is, the fact that thousands of the F.F.I. inside Paris rose, arms in hand, last week-end, and, after four days' street fighting, cleared the city of the last German in it, is a fitting symbol of a France not passively liberated but resurgent.

As for the German armies still in the field west of the Rhine, their plight is increasingly desperate. By the end of this week the routed remnants of General Hausser's 7th Army will have been driven behind the Seine, with American forces interposed between them and their supply depots on the Oise. In the south, the depleted 19th Army under General Wiese has suffered equally decisive defeat. Marseilles is freed, Toulon enveloped, and the German way of retreat up the Rhone valley has been cut by the astonishing American thrust through Grenoble towards Lyons, where the F.F.I. are already in control.

It is much too soon to relax; for though von Kluge's armies which delayed us so long in Normandy are shattered, we must be prepared for an obstinate stand, if not on the Somme or the Meuse, then certainly on the lines that defend the Rhine. But it is not too soon to pause to congratulate ourselves and the people of France that their country is being liberated with such comparative ease. There were moments, while our men and the Americans struggled to enlarge their foothold round Caen and in the Cotentin peninsula, when we waited with tense anxiety for the war of movement to begin. It looked for a few weeks like the interminable stalemate of the last war in Flanders. How many of these happy little towns, we asked ourselves, would have to be sacrificed in our slow advance? Must the homes of a nation be ruined that it may regain its freedom? The price has been heavy, but Normandy has paid ransom for most of this fair land. Two-thirds of France is freed from the Germans.

In this campaign of liberation, achieved by the joint forces of the Allies, history will not forget the indispensable achievements of the Maquis. They began long before our armies landed on the Norman coast. The first task of the organised movement of resistance was to rouse the spirit of a broken and hopeless people by daring acts of defiance and reprisal, in which it taught the invaders that their cruelties would not go unpunished. Long before a free French Government was established in Algiers it had won the leadership of the masses by its resistance to the German conscription of labour. As the hour of our landing approached, it became a formidable guerrilla army, which attacked the means of communication on which the enemy depended, blew up bridges and sabotaged locomotives. In the last phase, in regular formations it has fought pitched battles with considerable bodies of his troops, mastered the mountainous country of Savoy and overwhelmed many a garrison by surprise. It is safe to say that the movements of the Allied columns, when they made their dash on Paris and north to Lyons would have been much slower and less sure, had not the men of the Maquis prepared the way for them, guided them, scouted for them, and overcome many of the garrisons along their route which might have delayed them. When the Germans decided to withdraw from Paris they must have reckoned not merely with the speed of the Americans' advance and the weight of their guns, but also with the certainty that a population as well organised as it is hostile would take them in flank and rear. It is probable that these men could have done even more to free themselves if the Allies had been willing to arm them earlier and on a more generous scale. Back in the dark days of 1940 we based our hopes of victory on the fullest co-operation with the European masses. The South Slavs and the French have justified our faith. Had our leaders shared it, the end might have come sooner.

To the men in the subjugated lands who kept alive their will to be free the future will belong. While the generation lives that endured the German yoke, leadership will fall, rightly and inevitably, to those who proved their courage and moral integrity in this struggle. Though we gladly remember that in France some conservatives like M. Marin and M. Kerillis, many a *curé* in the villages and all the workers in the Catholic Trade Unions have backed the movement of resistance, it has drawn the main body of its adherents from the three parties of the Left. The conspicuous collaborationists were industrialists and financiers, who had always favoured appeasement; they corrupted the Republic while it lived and found that its conquerors paid well. For them there will be no place in the new France of to-morrow, and we have little doubt that its electorate, when it can vote, will be for depriving them once for all of their economic power, by socialising the banks and the heavy industries into which they had welcomed the Nazis as shareholders with a controlling voice.

It will not be on the old plan that France will rebuild her ruins. Those who know her best share our belief that from the disaster she has endured without losing her courage, she has drawn a fire and a boldness of imagination that had long been lacking in her public life. The tension of her unresolved class struggle had paralysed her. That phrase in her history is over and she can now go forward. If that is her destiny, she may well recover the intellectual and moral leadership in Europe that once was hers. It is not in the rivalry to accumulate military power that we hope to see her shine. We must find the means to prevent that sorry competition, on pain of continuing our progress to barbarism. The glory of the French people has always lain in the world of ideas. They evolved the subtlest and most athletic of European languages. Their artists, from the sculptors of Chartres to the painters of the last generation taught the whole civilised world how to see. From Molière and Voltaire to Anatole France they goaded us with

their wit. Not content with this, their social thinkers gave us a heritage in whose sane humanity we still might find our inspiration, as we stagger out of the mad brutality of this struggle. That France, we hope, is free again.

Collapse in the Balkans

The Rumanians have not waited for the full force of the great new Russian attack. They have capitulated and, like the Italians, in surrendering, have changed sides. From a military point of view the Rumanian collapse is of great and indeed decisive importance in South-Eastern Europe. Rumanians have fought with unexpected tenacity against the Russians; this force is now withdrawn from the German side and will be used to harry the German troops as they try to escape from Rumania, and indeed from the whole Balkan area. Whether the German troops that remain in Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Greece will be able to withdraw seems highly problematic. They have only a most precarious route left them, and in every country the partisan armies will fight with redoubled fury. The terms offered by the Russians, with the full agreement of Britain and America, contain, as far as is now known, no surprises. Rumania changes her government and fights for the Allies. The "Vienna award" made by Ribbentrop as a bribe to Hungary on August 30th, 1940, is revoked: 17,000 square miles of Transylvania, grabbed by Hungary, will go back to Rumania. The pro-Nazi premier, Antonescu, gives way to Sanatescu, who brings into the Cabinet with him Bratianu, the veteran Liberal, and Maniu, an old and revered peasant leader. The coup seems to have been carried out smoothly; the Bucharest radio has carried through its transmissions without interruption.

The repercussions must be great. The Satellites are all in a hopeless position. Bulgaria can scarcely maintain its strange role of neutrality towards Russia and belligerency against the Western Allies. Finland will not hold on much longer. Hungary now has nothing to hope for; the Horthy government will no doubt remain loyal to its German masters as long as possible, but that, we may hope, will not be long; there are other forces in Hungary as well as the despicable group that has dictated Hungary's fate since the counter-revolution after Bela Kun.

The success of the Russians in compelling Rumania not only to cease fighting for the Germans but to come in on their side, calls attention to one of the strangest features of this war. So little has the luckless common soldier in the smaller nations to say about his own destiny that governments are able, almost without notice, to make their allies their enemies and their enemies their allies. Armies become, to all intents and purposes, mercenary armies which can be bought over, without a by-your-leave, to fight first for one side then for the other. In contrast, armies spontaneously formed by the people themselves in revolt against occupying troops, are inspired, to a greater extent than ever before, by ideologies—and it is they who in the long run will shape the future of their countries.

Bulgaria's Future

Bulgaria is confessedly seeking an early and separate peace. Her government, as her new premier, M. Bagrianov put it, is "determined to remove all obstacles which stand in the way of the Bulgarian people's love of peace." Her envoy, who hopes to start negotiations in Ankara, is the former Speaker of her Parliament, M. Moshanov, who should be *persona grata*, since he visited London in 1939, in a vain effort to drag his country out of the German orbit. There are outward signs that the new Administration is sincere. It is said to have begun the withdrawal of its troops from Macedonia and Serbia, and it has stopped the persecution of the Jews. Marshall Tito's federal policy, which means autonomy for Macedonia, will satisfy every reasonable Bulgarian. The Dobrudja should remain, what it now is, Bulgarian, but we hope it is untrue that M. Bagrianov is still making territorial claims on Greece. That would be insolent folly. Facilities at the ports of Salonica and Dedeagatch are all that can be fairly claimed. The Bulgarians have in this war been wise enough to remain at peace with Russia, but they have done everything in their power to earn, or rather to revive the hatred of Greeks and South Slavs. The present phase under M. Bagrianov looks like a half-way house towards a peasant and republican revolution. If Bulgaria is ever again to live happily with her neighbours, the more thoroughly she sweeps away the past the better. All her follies and misfortunes sprang from her two foreign kings, the clever madman, Ferdinand, and the sane egoist Boris. The best that could then happen would be that Bulgaria should join the South Slav Federation—if Marshal Tito will accept her. The two languages are so similar that with very little practice they are mutually intelligible. In customs, history and religion there is little to separate Bulgars from Serbs, though high politics have engineered three wars between them.

Greek and Yugoslav Unity

Naturally, whatever the internal quarrels between resistance movements and exiles, everyone who wants to help clear the Germans from either Greece or Yugoslavia will make a last minute effort to reach some sort of agreement. This week has seen two. The E.A.M. has at last decided to join the Papandreou Government in Cairo and seems to have withdrawn its previous insistence upon conditions. We hope this means that we are at last to have a genuine national Greek administration. Whilst we do not yet possess any details beyond the mere announcement of the new E.A.M. policy, it is clear that moderate elements on the Left and Right have convinced their more extreme colleagues that a compromise is urgent. Mr. Papandreou's recent speeches have not suggested that he was anxious to include the E.A.M. in his Government. It looks as if both sides had agreed to compromise. In Yugoslavia, the position is more straightforward. Last week, Marshal Tito and Premier Subasic signed an agreement regulating the position of the Royal Yugoslav Government and the Committee of National Liberation. From the declarations that accompanied this protocol it is clear that King Peter's Cabinet has now finally dissociated itself from Mihailovitch, that it recognises Tito's authority inside free Yugoslav territory, and that whilst it retains responsibility for external affairs, it will afford the maximum assistance to the Partisans. The position of the monarchy and the future shape of Yugoslavia are not to be settled until after the war. This agreement is a great step forward and removes nearly all the outstanding obstacles to a peaceful and progressive settlement of the Yugoslav problem. It will increase the effectiveness of Tito's military effort which the Red Army should soon reinforce.

Warsaw and Moscow

There is as yet no news of any similar agreement between the two rival groups of Poles. All men of good will must continue to hope that some formula will yet be reached under which the less intransigeant members of the Polish Government in London will be able to return with Mr. Mikolajczyk to Poland and to join forces with members of the National Committee of Liberation. The greatest obstacle here is still the Vatican, which declares that Poland is a "test case" for Christendom in the battle against Bolshevism. The brave fighters within Warsaw continue to hold out, and some supplies have been dropped into the city by Allied airmen from Italy. This was a heroic exploit in which our losses were necessarily heavy. The return flight was 1,700 miles, mainly over enemy territory, and the supplies that could reach the resisters were probably on a small scale. Those who criticise the Soviet Union for failing to help the guerrillas in Warsaw may pertinently ask why Russian bases nearer Warsaw were not used by U.S. shuttle-bombers, if suitable Russian aircraft were lacking. The criticism that has been made in various newspapers (and which is repeated in our correspondence columns this week) that the Russians, as well as the Poles, called on Polish resisters to rise in Warsaw, is founded on a misconception. This was the routine broadcast from Moscow which daily calls on resistance movements everywhere to do their best. It was not, like General Sosnkowski's instructions to the Poles, a specific and detailed summons. Instructions to an organised partisan army would not come through the open radio, nor be effected by the routine propaganda service.

Indian Deadlock

The latest exchange of letters between the Viceroy and Mr. Gandhi leaves the Indian deadlock more hopeless than ever. Can the Mahatma have believed that his terms, as they stood, could be accepted? He did, indeed, cancel civil disobedience and offered support of the war effort; but he required a declaration of Indian independence at once; the war should be conducted by the British who would also bear its whole cost; the National Government responsible to the All-India Assembly would confine itself, presumably, to home affairs. Lord Wavell's reply, though courteous, was an uncompromising rejection. It ended, however, by sketching the possibility of a "transitional government" which would work out the details of the future constitution. But over the procedure by which this constitution will be framed and adopted there would have to be agreement between Hindus and Muslims, before such a Government could be formed. That means, we guess, being interpreted, that Hindus must renounce majority rule in any form and consent to Pakistan. Like every Viceroy before him Lord Wavell stressed British responsibility for the minorities and the need for agreement among Indians. It seems to us most unfortunate that the fate of India is left to the unchecked inspirations of two Indians, both of them aged and neither of them typical of the masses who follow them. Does Mr. Gandhi mean exactly what he says; in what sense is he using the word "independence"? If he could listen to the views of the more commonplace men who compose the working committee of Congress, progress might be easier. While Indians are waiting for the postponed meeting between the two leaders, the opposition to Pakistan stiffens, not only from Hindus but from Sikhs also, and from Bengalis of both creeds.

A National Union of Mineworkers?

When the proposal to establish a single mineworkers' union goes to a ballot of all the members of the existing mining federations, there is little doubt that it will secure their approval. The district unions accepted the scheme last week at their conference in Nottingham, and have already drawn up the draft of the new constitution. Under this the national union, which will replace the Mineworkers' Federation of Great Britain, will start life with over half a million pounds capital; it will take over and extend the powers of the Federation Executive and possess the right to organise miners throughout the country. This is an important step forward. Although the miners have acted as a remarkably coherent group in every big issue for many years, difficulties have arisen from the autonomy of the districts which formed the Federation. Now a central authority will be empowered to organize and negotiate in its own right. What this implies for the future organisation of the industry is clear. If the miners, who are one of the most politically conscious and powerful groups in the country, are represented by a single body their influence will be even greater than it is at present. Even apart from the big and immediate question of nationalisation, there are vital matters of pay, security and conditions of employment on which the union will want to say a good deal as the war comes to an end.

PLANS FOR SECURITY

THE conference which began on Monday between Russian, American and British representatives at Dumbarton Oaks, in the U.S.A., has been long overdue. Its subject is post-war security and its labours and decisions may well determine whether the next generation, like its father's and grandfather's, staggers and stumbles into a third great war. We agree with Mr. Sumner Welles, who in his recent book, *The Time for Decision*, maintains that decisions on this crucial question should have been taken long ago, if only because it would have been easier to have obtained wise decisions then than under the pressure of imminent victory. From one point of view they are discussing at Dumbarton Oaks the most important question of the peace settlement. The shape of the world organisation for international security will determine the shape of the general international system, and the solution of particular problems of the settlement, like frontiers and the treatment of Germany, will depend upon the kind of international system which the United Nations establish. If it is really based upon co-operation, economic and political, many things—peace among them—which before the war and to-day are called Utopian will become plain common sense; if our realists, who never seem to learn from or about realities, insist that we must re-create the old system, however elegantly camouflaged, of the anarchical sovereignty of Great Powers and their power politics, then we are merely entering a further period of conflict which will continue until the necessary change to an international order has been accomplished.

Each of the three Great Powers has now submitted draft proposals for a world organisation and international authority for consideration at the conference. None of them has taken the world fully into its confidence with regard to the future organisation with which these governments propose to endow it. It is possible, however, to get some idea of the nature of two of the plans, the Russian and the American. Proposals for a system of world security were published recently in an article in the Soviet newspaper *Zverda*, and rumour gave Mr. Litvinov as the author; they are unlikely to differ very markedly from the official Soviet plan. Mr. Sumner Welles' book, already referred to, is another straw from which we may cautiously guess the direction in which the wind is blowing Mr. Roosevelt and his administration. These indications are corroborated by the *New York Times* which has published an apparently authentic version of the plans of the Three Powers—if, indeed, the reported outline of British aspirations can be called a plan.

Opening speeches on behalf of all three Powers at the Conference were vague but indicated general agreement in principle. All reject the idea of resuscitating the League of Nations, though when it comes to the actual shape of a world organisation they find some difficulty in avoiding plagiarism. The crux of the problem, as it appears to present-day statesmen, is determined by their belief that the League "failed" for two reasons: first, "it had no power behind it"; and secondly, the Great Powers, who in the event of a showdown would have to pay the piper in terms of power, were precluded by the equality of all States in the League from effectively calling the tune. This belief, when analysed, proves to be largely fiction, one of those fictions under which the conservative-minded statesman contrives to hide his old errors and failures when he is preparing carefully to repeat them. However, there the belief is, firmly fixed in the heads of our rulers, and it is going to play a great part in fashioning the "security system" which will probably be handed to us ready-made in the discussions at Dumbarton Oaks.

Its effect can be seen clearly in the American and Russian plans. Both accept the idea of an "international organisation" which is to be an organisation of all the United Nations and eventually is to become a world organisation, including Germany and the other enemy countries. But the effective international authority is not to be, at any rate for a long time to come, this organisation; the international tune will be called by the directorate of the three Great Powers. This is effected by the creation of an Executive Council, composed of or controlled by the three Powers in whose hands will be concentrated the power to decide and the power to enforce. The U.S. plan seems to be less drastic than the Russian. The Executive Council would be "provisional" and would consist of eleven members, made up of the four major Allied Powers (China being the fourth) and seven members from smaller Powers. Control by the Great Powers would be qualified by a provision that the Council should not be empowered to take any action unless the votes of two smaller Powers endorsed a unanimous Big Power decision to invoke force. Under the Russian plan the directorate of the Great Powers is frankly all-powerful. Apart from a general pact establishing the international organisation, they are to conclude direct treaties with one another regarding the method of dealing with aggression. They and they alone are to form the Executive Council of the international organisation, and though the organisation is to have a "general meeting" to which "all questions should as a rule be submitted," the decisions of the general meeting will require approval or confirmation by the Great Powers in the Executive Council, and "in exceptional cases" the Executive Council will have the power to make independent decisions.

In these proposals one can see the probable shape of the international system which the Allied statesmen have already decided upon. It is to grow, if it grows, out of the alliance of the United Nations for the purposes of war. It is to begin as an alliance for peace of the three Great Powers surrounded by a rather nebulous halo of the lesser United Nations. Thus the pattern of the war alliance will be carried on into the peace. Somewhere, somewhen in the future a permanent world organisation will be created. In such a scheme of development there is, no doubt, some wisdom, but there are also very grave dangers. That the system of post-war collectiye security and international relations should grow out of the alliance of the United Nations and its existing inter-state machinery is probably sound. It is inevitable and right that in the initial stages of development control should rest largely in the hands of those who control the force, i.e., the Great Powers. But, as Mr. Welles says in his book, a directorate or dictatorship of the Great Powers can afford no permanent basis for peace, for two reasons. It would in fact be an alliance of the old kind, and such alliances never last for more than a few years. As soon as rivalries or the inevitable divergences of interests appeared, the Allies would split apart, and the lesser Powers would be cajoled or bought to group themselves around one or other hostile or rival Great Power. Secondly, the other members of the United Nations would not for long tolerate a Great Power dictatorship, and the dictatorship of three or four Powers would be inherently unstable.

The dangers that lurk in the American scheme are even more apparent in the Russian draft which has now been confirmed from Washington. It prefers to separate the security organisation which enforces peace from the body or bodies which deal with economic and social questions. The new League, if we may use that name, will be a policeman and nothing more. Its Executive will consist, for purposes of coercion, solely of the four Great Powers, on the ground that they alone possess enough military force for prompt action. If military strength is the qualification, it is not clear why China should be included, or the France of to-morrow excluded. While the idea of an international police force is rejected, that of an international air force is welcomed but not defined. Is it to be an organic force, raised and paid by the "League"? Probably not. Can it operate without an army to defend its airfields? Ordinarily what is contemplated is action by each of the Big Three in its own allotted zone, with such help from other Powers, great and small, as may be provided for in bi-lateral treaties. The Executive, however, must be unanimous over any coercive action. This, if adhered to, would be a substantial check on imperialist action by any one of the Great Powers.

The reactions of the smaller Powers will be interesting. They are to sit on the Council, with a very limited veto on its decisions, which scarcely disguises the actual hegemony of the three dinosaurs. This plan would last as long as their alliance was unbroken. It would drive every minor Power to shelter as a client under the wing of one of the Big Three, who could by the use of his veto protect both himself and his friends from sanctions. It would be effective as a means of enforcing obedience upon ex-enemy States or upon other lesser Powers who were so rash or so unfortunate as to remain isolated. Such a scheme would merely give constitutional force to a world in which nothing matters save military power. This conception can only be tolerable during a period of chaos, following upon war and scarcely distinguishable from war itself. Has it the seeds of something more creative? That depends on whether the international agencies set up for rehabilitation develop into public service organisations, and whether public opinion can be powerful enough to turn this *ad hoc* committee of victorious policemen into an international institution that commands respect and loyalty.

THE LAST RECESS

[*Members will spend the Parliamentary recess getting in touch with their constituents.*—News Item.]

PARLIAMENT is in recess.
Trusty Commons on vacation,
After months of storm and stress
Could indulge in relaxation,
Spending hours of idleness
At a holiday address.

Do they to the seaside haste,
Paddling on forbidden beaches,
Or the fleeting moments waste
Angling in sequestered reaches?
No; for Members wildly guess
Victory may come express.

Burdened with an uphill task,
Threatened with a new election,
Home the Members flock to ask
Pledges of revived affection.
Nor can they the fear suppress,
This may be their last recess.

Policy is in suspense,
Reconstruction dynamited;
Welcomed once (with reticence),
Beveridge is blitzed and blighted.
Members cannot well profess
Parliamentary success.

Planning's in a fearful state,
Housing in a sad condition,
Controversial matters wait
On the waiting Coalition,
Which, the Members must confess,
Soon may cease to coalesce.

Legislation's in a mess,
Pending further legislation;
Members bringing no redress,
Face constituents' indignation.
Victory may come express,
Parliament is in recess.

SAGITTARIUS

A MESSAGE TO GRANDCAMP

HALF-JOKINGLY Mme. Guyon said to me one evening, three months ago, on the steps of the Fromentin in Algiers, "If you get to France before I do, you must call on my mother." Politely, I let her write the address in my notebook. "*Mme. Anne-Marie Prével, veuve, chez la quincaillerie, Grandcamp, Normandie.*" The mosquitoes were biting, and as I'd already heard how Mme. Guyon had come to Algiers through Spain, together with her husband who was now in Italy, and that she was temporarily a typist in one of the Commissariats and how hard it was to find an apartment, I left her and took a tram down the hill towards the port. Wedged between a Senegalese infantryman, a French sailor and an Arab woman in a white *haik*, I had some sympathy with Mme. Guyon's lament, "*Alger, ce n'est pas la France.*" The likeness of the tree-lined Rue Michelet with its open-air cafés to a street in Paris only sharpened the pain of separation for the Algiers exiles. France seemed as far away to me as it did to Mme. Guyon.

A fortnight ago, with Orders in my pocket which said "Destination—the Far Shore," I found myself looking down on the Normandy coast from a low-flying transport plane, heading inland over a quiet countryside from which the war seemed completely absent, except for the yellow ulcers of bomb- and shell-holes in the green fields. At the forward American "strip" I trod the soil of France in Europe for the first time since 1939, and it seemed to me that even the sparrows were singing *ritournelles*. To the south-east we could hear the thud-thud of guns; the C 47s kept rushing in to schedule like trains at a railway station, and a near-by bulldozer was thumping away at an obstructive hillock. But louder than these sounds to my ear was the first sound of French voices, of French men and women speaking to each other freely on their native soil.

The farmhouse on the fringe of the strip had been taken over by the Americans as an H.Q., though the farmer and his wife were allowed to live in two of the rooms. To reach the upstairs office we had to pass through the living-room where the couple and their hired man, guarded by a screen, were eating. "Are you happy?" I asked the farmer's wife. It was a *nonne* question, expecting the answer "No." She looked at the screen, past which a continual traffic was moving, through the window at her fields which had been flattened into a dusty air-strip, at the courtyard with its congested goats, poultry and cattle, at the fat apple-trees covered with camouflage netting, and answered, "Yes." But she didn't smile. Nor did I expect her to. The price of liberation is different in Calvados, where every hundred yards has been fought over, from what it is in Rennes where the war raced through. Of the millions of Frenchmen who welcome the Allies, each will have to offset his personal sacrifice against the national deliverance.

In France the prestige of the Americans is high, as in North Africa on June 6 it was low. As soldiers they have shown ability which even after the Battle of Tunisia still required demonstration. They have discarded the arrogance which they showed towards the local population in North Africa, and substituted a courtesy which the French at home inspire and which the Americans at the front seem to exercise naturally.

On the day I decided to visit Mme. Prével at Grandcamp with her daughter's message, I went into a bakery to buy her a few loaves. The baker looked at my U.S. War Correspondent's uniform and apologised. "I'd give you the loaves," he said. "But . . ." He pointed to a sign, "*Il est interdit.*" Eisenhower forbids troops to buy food, footwear or clothing in French shops. The French, who have lost vast quantities of consumers' goods to the Germans in exchange for worthless currency, don't want to be fed on American paper while their Allies eat their butter. Nor is Eisenhower repeating his North African errors when the Americans were conspicuously eating three times the civilian ration, plus what could be bought in the open market.

I hitch-hiked towards Grandcamp—a large village on the Channel coast—against the stream of war supplies rolling down to the front. Stooks of corn, ruminating cattle, a kilometre or so of uprooted hedgerows with blackening roots, a cluster of unharmed houses, ammunition dumps, a dust-fog from a convoy, a rare civilian, very old or very young, red-eyed American military police at the cross-roads directing traffic, a few Thunderbolts or Spitfires overhead with everybody staring—that was my picture of Normandy, approaching the old front line of the beaches from the interior of the beach-head. Near the coast it was different. The dead had long been buried, but the corpses of the villages remained as a record of the fury and the agony which the break into Europe had cost British, Americans and French. Every church tower had ragged holes torn by mortar-fire. Scarcely a house on the coast road to Grandcamp had escaped the fire and counter-fire of the enemy or the Allies. The ruin of a bombing blitz may be more absolute than the destruction caused by a battle with ground arms. But in the ruined villages near the beaches I felt that, unlike the bombed areas of London, where life is always sprouting, not only new buildings but a fresh generation would be needed before they could exist as communities again.

Grandcamp itself was less damaged than most of the Channel villages. I found a French gardener tending the roses of a small château in a garden where a military notice warned "U.S. personnel to keep off the flower-beds." I asked the gardener if he knew Mme. Anne-Marie Prével at the ironmonger's. He didn't know her. He'd come from Pointe la Percée where the "fighting had been terrible," and had sent his family to a cousin in Cherbourg. I met a group of fishermen in blue working smocks, and asked if they knew Mme. Prével. They didn't know either. They'd come from Port en Bassin, and were on their way inland to work for the Americans until they could put to sea again. Near the end of the main road, I found the *quincaillerie*. It was shut and the windows were boarded over. As I stood there a small boy with a bicycle came up unexpectedly and asked me for whom I was looking. With his short tight trousers, jersey and clean face, he looked as though he'd walked out of an illustrated French Primer. I said, "I'm looking for Mme. Anne-Marie Prével. She used to live here." "*Partie*," he answered. "*Partie. Tout le monde est parti pendant le bombardement.* They all went away . . . to Bayeux, I think. Everybody went to Bayeux." "And you?" I asked. "*Suis resté ici avec ma grand' mère*," he said, and rode off.

The next day I hitch-hiked to Bayeux in the British sector. The first retreat by the Germans in this direction, before they took up their positions south of Caen, had been fairly fast, and the villages leading into Bayeux, as well as the town itself, were almost completely undamaged. By day the long, narrow main street of Bayeux is cluttered with British and Canadian troops, staring into shop windows where there is practically nothing to buy and at *bistros* where there is nothing to drink. Outside the Lion d'Or, the only open hotel, where you can get a breadless lunch for 45 francs, I asked a girl in the uniform of the *Corps Féminin* if she could tell me where I might look for a refugee from Grandcamp. She didn't know. She'd only just arrived from London and was still wandering about breathing France into her lungs. A young-looking priest in a black *soutane* walked past, and I asked him where I could find the Grandcamp refugees. He excused himself. He was, so to speak, a temporary refugee himself. His village and his church had been under shell-fire both from the Allies and the Germans. He was living for a few days with his family who had been evacuated to Bayeux. Excessively anxious to show my sympathy, I said that I hoped his wife was in good health. He said that his only family was his cousin—a venerable lady of 85.

A French girl who had seen me questioning the curé came up to me and said, "Are you a Canadian?" I answered, "No." "What a pity," she said. "I'd heard that the Canadians were selling shoes. And I do want to buy a pair." Such is the stuff of myths which grow in the back areas. "Do you know any Canadians?" she asked. "None who sells shoes," I told her. "Do you know where I can find a refugee from Grandcamp?" But she shrugged her shoulders and made off with her boy-friend.

I walked down a side street towards the Cathedral hoping to get some information there. On the way a woman, hobbling along with a man whose right arm was in a well-tied but stained sling, stopped me and said, "Excuse me, but can you tell us where the Americans are giving out clothes for refugees? We're from Caen. My husband was wounded in the arm and leg by a shell burst." (I was often to hear the words "*éclat d'obus*" from refugees. According to them, it was, as we were attacking, either a British or an American shell burst.) I apologised to her. I didn't know. But perhaps she could tell me where the refugees were being looked after. She pointed to a turning near the Cathedral. "There," she said. "You'll find a *Centre d'Acceuil* there." And the last I saw of them was their diminishing view as they propped each other up in their tired search for clothing and shelter. The *Centre d'Acceuil* was in the yard of a large house. In a half-open barn about eighty people, sitting at a long table with benches, were eating their lunch. I went into the kitchen and asked for the *administratrice*, who was helping to hand out the food. She explained that the refugees were billeted all over the town, but that they had their meals at various kitchens. Mme. Anne-Marie Prével? She didn't know her. "*Il ya un tas de gens qui passent par ici.*" She suggested that I should look through the hospital list in the yard. About twenty refugees were crowding around the typed list of civilian wounded in Bayeux Hospital. I looked down the column. "Préjean, Prévost, Quérier . . ." Mme. Prével wasn't there. A young worker from St. Lô told me how he'd been evacuated in an American truck. An old man, who had worked in the Caen administration, said that his brother had been wounded in an American bombing. He wasn't consoled when I told him that the Americans had killed one of their own Generals in a bombing attack. All the men and women who stood near the bulletin-board had a story of suffering, terror, loss and flight. When I spoke to them of liberation, they answered that their dead would never see it. And then a teacher said that she had come from Grandcamp. "Grandcamp?" I repeated. "Do you know Mme. Anne-Marie Prével?" "Of course," she said. "The widow. We came in the same lorry. She's here."

She took me, followed by the bulletin-gazers, across the courtyard to where an old woman, with a high-necked black frock, her hair drawn tightly back into a bun, was sitting, half in the shade, on the edge of one of the benches.

"Mme. Prével?" I asked her.

She looked up at me with tired, indifferent eyes, and shook my hand.

"I have news for you . . . good news from your daughter Mme. Guyon . . . from Algiers. . . . I saw her not long ago . . . she's very well . . . she sends you her love."

Mme. Prével looked up at me again and smiled, and all the yellow wrinkles of her kind, old face filled with her streaming tears.

MAURICE EDELMAN.

[Mr. Edelman was one of *Picture Post's* correspondents in Normandy.]

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A LONDON DIARY

MAJOR JONES, Welsh by origin, Canadian by upbringing, is white haired, lost one eye in the last war, and is the sort of man who would obviously be considered much too old for military service. He made such a fuss that he was eventually allowed to go to the Middle East, and got himself parachuted into Yugoslavia in the spring of 1943. A year amongst partisans has turned him into a crusader. It is not, he told me, a question of "partisans," but of a population that has become an army. As for Mihailovitch, Jones isn't interested in the political argument; the evidence of his personal experience is quite adequate. In every unit of Axis soldiers with which he fought, he found, mixed up with the Italians, Bulgars and Germans, a certain number of quisling Yugoslav soldiers. Without exception, he says, they were avowed supporters of Mihailovitch. For half an hour he talked about the birth of democracy in the villages, and about Tito, an inspiring leader, on whom, however, he says the movement is not dependent, since the army is composed of men who know what they want, and who spontaneously throw up leaders. He heard, he said, scarcely any party discussion, and was not conscious that Communism played any sectional part in what is a national movement for freedom. As he talked, I recalled the early enthusiasm of democratic pioneers. He was witnessing the birth of democracy and had the same kind of enthusiasm that was born out of the French or American revolution. He told a remarkable story of seeing a number of Italians who surrendered after Mussolini's fall, and who were sent back to Italy, escorted by a group of partisans. The Italians were in donkey carts, and the partisans walked by the side. He suggested that it seemed strange that these men, who had come into their country to plunder and murder, should be riding while the Yugoslavs walked. They were quite taken aback. They bore witness from their own knowledge to the most frightful atrocities carried out by Axis soldiers (Major Jones can give plenty of examples), they are daily risking their lives to free their country, but it had never occurred to them as peasants not to treat common soldiers as they would desire themselves to be treated.

* * *

An American airman friend tells me on the basis of his own experience that there will be a big overseas soldiers' vote, and that it is likely strongly to support Mr. Roosevelt. Every man has a form to sign saying that he wants a chance to vote or that he is not interested in receiving a ballot paper. Similarly the preposterous plan of preventing any "propaganda" reaching the army has over-reached itself and fizzled out in farce. British newspapers have been ruled out of American army camps, along with the latest books of Sumner Welles and Ambassador Grew and histories by Charles and Mary Beard (probably the best of living American historians). Perhaps if the army authorities had left it there they might have succeeded in keeping from the soldiers many facts and arguments they ought to have heard. But when large numbers of an official guide to the Army Air Force were withdrawn because they contained a photograph of the Commander-in-Chief (who, you recall, is Mr. Roosevelt), the storm of ridicule was enough to sweep away the Amendment that tried to ban "political influence."

* * *

Another round has begun in the undignified scrap between the War Office and the *Daily Worker*. By way of paying back old scores, the War Office refused to allow the *Daily Worker* a correspondent with the Allied armies in Northern France. Many people, who dislike the *Daily Worker* almost as much as Sir James Grigg, felt that this was rather low. The other day the *Worker* got in an unexpected counter-punch by persuading the military authorities in North Africa to allow Clemens Dutt to become war correspondent with the Free French Forces. But the War Office wasn't standing any of that nonsense, and Clemens Dutt has now been banned. The pretence of "security reasons" is the thinnest of disguises. After all the Maquis, with whom Clemens Dutt would no doubt have come into contact, and who have been doing quite a considerable share of fighting both in the south of France and in Paris, contain a considerable proportion of Communists. I should have thought that Sir James would have seen that he could not long maintain his position, and would have avoided exposing himself to a future knock-out.

* * *

There is nothing to say about Sir Henry Wood that has not already been said a hundred times. That in itself is a remarkable testimony. Here is a character above dispute or mystery. Musicians agree that he was a good conductor but not one of genius; they agree too that he, more than anyone else, was responsible for the popular musical revival which is one of the best features of present-day Britain. He inspired musicians, encouraged those who could provide good music, and proved that there was a great and growing public that could appreciate something other than crooning and dance bands.

* * *

Recent comments on the capacities of blind people brought me several interesting letters, including one from a blind woman who says that people are astonished to hear that she likes going "to the pictures." She says that she prefers the theatre to the films, because a programme, before the play begins, puts the characters in order and gives her an idea what it's all about. As the play goes on the blind listener gets accustomed to the voices and can tell what is happening. The film jumps about without any notice that new actors have appeared and the friend beside her has no time to explain what has happened. Moreover, my blind correspondent explains that all American film stars sound the same, and wonders if the blind of America find the same difficulty when listening to British films. Obviously war films and those advertised as "marvellous spectacles" are not much good to the blind. But this, says my correspondent, leaves plenty of films that the blind can enjoy—especially film adaptations of novels and plays. She names *Pygmalion*, *Major Barbara*, *David Copperfield*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Goodbye Mr. Chips*, *Jamaica Inn* and others. She adds that the blind, in her view, can get about half the pleasure of the sighted at films and ought to be let in half price.

* * *

Only the absence of steady sunshine prevents Denham from acquiring all the characteristics of Hollywood. That was my conclusion after an afternoon watching the production of *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, which is planned on the scale of the biggest Hollywood films and which will cost, before it is finished, something over half a million pounds. Here is the beauty and the boredom of starlit Hollywood, its money and frustration, its lustre and inventiveness, its wealth and frustration, its romance, its waste and its perpetual fascination. Lying on the ground are the plaster ruins of a vast Egyptian temple, superbly modelled with minute attention to detail; these scenes are done and the temple returns to dust. Not far off on the grass are groups of extras in brilliant and exiguous costumes, sunbathing to obtain, by natural means, at least the beginnings of the lovely brown which is required for a slave in Cleopatra's palace. Further on we come to an extraordinary erection, upon which, by the most ingenious devices, the photographer can show you the Pharos, ninety feet high, a strip of sea with waves dancing in the sun, behind an exact reproduction of the harbour at Alexandria. Waiting in this superb setting are the stars. Vivien Leigh (Cleopatra) arrives in everyday dress and asks for suggestions for solving the *Times* crossword; Claude Rains, every inch a Cæsar, sits in a deck chair and tells stories (I presume) of his life in Hollywood; Brittanicus (Cecil Parker), wearing the blue that is traditional of the ancient Briton, finds the lazy afternoon a rest after three years of nightly appearances in *Blithe Spirit*. Rufio (Basil Sidney), who will be a very popular figure, and Apollodorus (Stewart Grainger) whose appearance will stir the pulse of every woman in the audience, wait impatiently for—? For what are we waiting? The sun. It is there and not there; it has to be there unclouded behind the camera, with the right amount of cloud and blue sky to fit in with the patch of azure sea. At last Pascal, a most imposing figure, wearing nothing above a somewhat ill-defined waist-line, gives the word. The sun looks as if it will be right in a minute. Eagerly Apollodorus takes his place by the primitive crane that is to swing him up in the air and land him with his priceless bale of carpets at the feet of Cæsar. (In fact, the carpet used is valued at £1,000; Apollodorus carries a Persian sword worth £500, and the perfect bit of sea we watch is put together with materials that cannot cost more than a few shillings.) Cæsar, Rufio and Brittanicus take their places. The sun blazes. Breathlessly we wait. No, there is a hitch. A messenger is despatched. A figure climbs up a distant temple and removes a piece of wood that has been blown into a fatally conspicuous position. It would spoil the picture as certainly as the aeroplane that crossed the Pharos the other day and made it necessary to re-shoot the whole scene. The offending piece of wood is removed. We are ready. But the sun has gone. Everyone relaxes. The only perfect moment of sunshine has passed, and the stars, with no picture taken, return to their dressing rooms. Mr. Rank has spent another thousand pounds.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to G. Lewis.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Will the parents of the boy who gave a little boy an apple in exchange for his tricycle outside the Sale Lido on Friday between 6 and 7, kindly return it at once.—Advt. in *Manchester Evening News*.

Sir Patrick Hannon is a Birmingham M.P. and his chairmanships and directorships run like a river through British industry. A great Empire figure, a good Catholic, a staunch friend, a tough Tory and a wise man. It is entirely right that he should own Magna Charta Island, where freedom was given its greater charter.—*The Recorder*.

The main reason for the failure of the League of Nations was that the Name of God was not mentioned in the Covenant.—Sir Waldron Smithers, M.P., in *Sidcup and Kentish Times*.

It is a matter for deep regret that the church parade next Lord's Day is to be followed by a golf match. "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth," and His power is manifested in preventing much desecration of His day by closing seaside towns. Judgment will probably follow very closely the sins of next Lord's Day, either on our town or personally.—Letter to the *Bedfordshire Times and Standard*.

Punishment canes.—41½ in. by ⅜in., minimum three, 5s.; six, 9s.; nine, 12s. 6d.; dozen, 16s.—Advt. in *The Teachers World*.

I am pretty sure that if we did sing hymns to dance music, God would—like ourselves—tire of the special tunes of the moment.—*Daily Mirror*.

Lorient is still surrounded on all sides by land. —*Sunday Times*.

HOW TO DIVIDE THE GLOBE INTO SPHERES

(From Our American Correspondent)

In a cloud of ashes, his sackcloth streaming behind him, Mr. Lippmann continues his headlong retreat from liberalism. In *U.S. Foreign Policy* (reviewed in these columns September 11th, 1943) Mr. Lippmann apologised for believing in Collective Security. In his latest book, *U.S. War Aims*, he attempts to atone for his misspent past by a root-and-branch attack on the whole Wilsonian doctrine of internationalism.

President Wilson, it appears, thought men were gods (a surprising delusion after ten years in American politics), and therefore planned for a Universal Society based on the moral order. He thus perpetrated the cardinal error of supposing that "a general international organisation . . . can *replace* the ordinary instruments of international life." This, Mr. Lippmann finds, was the root cause of the confusion and divisions amongst the democracies between the wars. Blind as were the isolationists in all countries,

> On the whole their opponents have been equally blind: as the alternative to isolation they argued that a nation should rely upon collective security as a substitute for its own armed strength and the diplomatic protection of its vital interests. So they irritated and provoked the blind but deep national instinct of self-preservation.

This is indeed a beautiful and tragic picture! Hoare at Geneva yearning to use the powerful forces of the members of the League against our enemy Italy, and prevented only by his blind but deep instinct of national self-preservation from using any but British arms—and of those there were none. The United States in an agony of instinctive self-preservation selling scrap to Japan to avoid the pitfalls of a Universal Society. It would be unjustifiably picayune to point out any possible historical inaccuracies in such a work of art.

These "Wilsonian prejudices" were the product of "America's age of innocence." To-day America has tasted of the fruit and is "realist." It is to this hard-headed America that Mr. Lippmann directs his explanation of the origins and results of the present war. According to his thesis America is fighting an ideological war in the Pacific; a power-politics war in Europe. The Dean of American columnists strips the war of its pretences. It is not just a war against an aggressive Japan threatening to dominate the Pacific, it is a war for China. Not for China's trade (perish the thought!), but for the age-old American policy of the Open Door, which is "a short name for the American way of life, projected abroad." The U.S., we are told, is fighting in the Pacific because of the nation's unassailable conviction that Imperialism is wicked. This is a noble explanation of a great struggle, but its adequacy is somewhat dimmed by subsequent explanations: (1) that China is itself imperialist; (2) that after the war is won the future of China will be of no vital interest to America.

The war against Germany is not conducted on quite such a high moral plane. As in *U.S. Foreign Policy*, Mr. Lippmann takes great pains to emphasise that America's quarrel with Germany is not that it is Nazi (which it was for seven years before it worried the U.S.), but that it has threatened the Atlantic Ocean, which is within America's "area of strategic security."

From this strange amalgam of geography and morals, Mr. Lippmann fashions America's war aims. He properly emphasises the point that the terms of the peace are less important than the unity amongst the victors who will enforce them, but fails to note that the terms themselves will very greatly affect that unity. The aim of the victors is defined (in his favourite lingo of power politics) as preventing Japan and Germany from being able to hold a balance of power between two major powers. This precept seems only common sense, but the other war aims make it totally impossible to achieve; for where Mr. Willkie, somewhat belatedly, found one world, Mr. Lippmann has suddenly happened upon four worlds, and maybe more to come.

This quadruplicity is the very core of the work. Setting up "orbits" occupies the first four of Mr. Lippmann's six war aims. There is little said about the Hindu-Moslem orbit. The Chinese orbit is also easily dismissed on the grounds that its strategic centre will be in the hinterland of Asia, and it will therefore be a neighbour of Russia, not of the United States. Attention is focussed on the Russian Orbit and the Atlantic Community. This Atlantic Community (by Spengler out of Streit) consists of North America, France and the British Commonwealth; together with a number of "small powers" such as Spain, Italy, Greece and Latin America. The Community must proceed on the assumption that "war within the Atlantic region is unthinkable, and that war beyond it, and in defence of it, is certain to be a joint operation."

The small nations, who have received a great deal of blame (quite undeservedly) for the failure of the League, are to be prevented from any further mischief-making between their larger (and more pacific?) neighbours, by being relegated to the compulsory position of Good Neighbours. With this status they are protected by the Great Powers, and in return act as loyal henchmen to them in time of war. They enjoy only a very limited freedom to carry on their own foreign policy, and may not make any alliance outside the Community.

Mr. Lippmann's attitude on regionalism is best understood by a study of his theories about Russia. The Russian Orbit is outside the Atlantic Community, he argues, because Russian armies have expelled the German invader from its territories almost unaided by the West. Thus all countries between Germany and Russia fall into one area of strategic security. Poland, Czechoslovakia, Finland, Hungary, etc., will all be the "Good Neighbours" of Russia.

The problem of assigning Germany to the West or the East—the century-old problem of Europe—is resolved in favour of the West by the following arguments: (1) If Germany were made to look East it would eventually renew its *Drang nach Osten*; (2) if it were part of the Russian Orbit, Germany, by bordering on the Atlantic Ocean, would be intolerable to the Atlantic Community; (3) if Germany is made part of the Oceanic trading community it will be less self-sufficient, and so more susceptible to economic sanctions against aggression.

The conditions for peace with Russia, set down by Mr. Lippmann, are more sweeping and more stringent than those for Germany. In an atmosphere of inspissated gloom the one thin hope for peace which can be glimpsed is the distance that separates the Mississippi Valley and the Urals—the strategic centres of the two orbits.

But "the world cannot exist half totalitarian and half free." Unless Russia will change to a democratic way of life with a political philosophy based on the dignity and freedom of the individual there will be grave danger of another world war. Russia must be brought to realise that it is to her advantage and that of the world to see revolutionary communism outlawed in the whole Atlantic Community; "for democracy is nothing if it is not a positive faith and way of life. It has the right and the duty, and it must have the energetic will, to defend itself against all its enemies." Apparently communism has neither this right nor the will.

It is less necessary to criticise this book's overbearing attitude towards the small Powers and Soviet Russia, than it is to analyse the reasons advanced for dividing the globe into spheres—an operation as hazardous politically as it is dubious mathematically. The argument that Russia is a separate sphere because she drove German armies out of her territory unaided could be turned by a Russian nationalist to prove that only Russia could be trusted in the future to cope with Germany. An intelligent internationalist would argue that it is the *united* strength and strategy of Russia, Britain, America, *et al.*, which is winning the war in Europe; the *united* strength and strategy of China, America and Britain which is winning the war in Asia. To break up that unity into spheres of "strategic security" is to destroy the very security through unity we have so painfully and slowly gained.

It is equally fallacious to use as an argument against a universal society that any international order must be based on the things men fight for, "their altars, their flags and their hearths, not charters, covenants, blueprints and generalities." To fight for one's flag or one's hearth is one way of describing the aim of the struggle which the Four Freedoms describes in another way. To fight for freedom of religion is to fight for one's altar; to fight for freedom from fear and want is to fight for one's hearth.

It is unwise to suppose that a region, because it is smaller than the world, and so presumably closer to "the hearth," will command greater loyalty than a wider organisation. It is true that it is very hard to feel any active loyalty to a world community, but it would be no easier with the Atlantic Community and its 42 separate states. The difficulty is increased by the strange assortment of the group, which includes Argentina, Greece, Spain and Belgium but excludes Bohemia, Poland and Hungary. This unit (if unit it may be called that unity hath none) is a power bloc, not a cultural community, and in the formation of loyalty culture is far more important than power.

Though this book contains, as any book of Mr. Lippmann's must, much lucid and constructive thought, the only comfort to be derived from this blueprint for a super-Monroe Doctrine is that it makes terrifyingly clear its impracticality compared even with that "pale, thin, abstract, generalised blueprint of a mechanism," the League of Nations. We have only to glance at the three pre-eminent post-war problems to see this. (1) The future of Germany must be settled jointly by the Atlantic and Russian Orbits; (2) the future of Japan must be settled jointly by the Russian, Chinese and Atlantic Orbits; (3) the future of "Emergent Asia" must be settled by the Russian, Chinese, Atlantic and Hindu-Moslem Orbits. With this in mind it is clear that the reality of a post-war organisation must be a World Council of at least the "World Powers," and the regional arrangements must be subordinate to it. Mr. Lippmann's orbits are either this—sub-committees on local problems—or they are the master plan for a new global war.

THE WHITE SWALLOW

I saw a white swallow the other day flying over the pond opposite the cottage in which I live. As it flew away immediately, terrified by the noise of a passing motor car, I naturally did not believe my eyes. Even though a member of my family maintained that it could not be anything but a white swallow, I consulted Coward's *British Birds*, determined to prove that it was merely a rare sea-bird I had never seen before that had wandered out of its course in these chaotic times; but I knew it was not a tern, and there was no picture in the book that enabled me to identify it. Later in the evening a local gardener in the inn asked me whether I had seen the white swallow over the pond, and I began to believe that even in Southern England there might be such things as white swallows. Next morning, the woman who brings our Sunday papers said: "I thought you would like to know that a white swallow has been perching on the telephone wires beside our house. It was sitting on the roof this morning. If it comes again, I'll send one of the children to let you know." This cumulative evidence convinced me that, for the first time in my life, at the age of sixty-five, I had seen a white swallow.

This is certainly an experience of a kind that makes one feel mildly elated. White blackbirds one has often heard of, and I have even seen several semi-white blackbirds; but the white blackbird is merely a freak. It interests us, not

because of its beauty, but as a case of albinism. Something we tell ourselves, has gone wrong with its pigmentation. The white swallow, on the other hand, is a beautiful creature, and one could imagine oneself enjoying the spectacle of a thousand white swallows racing high and low over a pond or sitting twittering on the telephone wires at the autumn departure, and regarding them, not as freaks, but as birds that had come down to us in long descent from the perfections of Eden.

I would not go so far as to say that the white swallow is lovelier than the blue-backed swallow —the Arabian-Nights-coloured swallow—that one has always known. But it is a good second-best—a bird combining the grace of the blue-backed swallow—and what a grace and what a blue !—with the charm of the dove of peace. I admit that I saw it only on two occasions, and each time only for a few seconds, so that I may have seen it imaginatively rather than observantly; but still I counted the day on which I saw it a memorable day—a day to enter in one's diary if one kept a diary—a day no more to be forgotten till one's dotage than the date of the Norman Conquest or the Battle of Waterloo.

Freaks in themselves do not, I think, provide us with such pleasures of memory. The memory of a white swallow is essentially poetical: if, on the other hand, one had seen a pig that was born a few years ago, with a head resembling the head of an elephant, a pig's body and chicken's feet, one's memory of it would have had less poetry in it than if one had seen a dozen ordinary curly-tailed squeakers running hither and thither round a grunting mud-soiled sow on the common. There is no poetry in freaks. I used to pay twopence to see giants, drawfs, bearded ladies, and human dogs; but the only satisfaction I ever got out of seeing them was the pleasure of vulgar curiosity. Some years ago the newspapers announced the birth of a heifer calf with three mouths. I should have certainly crossed the street to see it; but I should not have walked two miles to see it. To a man of science it was probably interesting because, in the words of a reporter at the time, "it raised a new problem in the mechanism of heredity, and reopened on *prima facie* lines a fresh case in favour of maternal pre-natal impressions." Such considerations are above my head, however. From a purely æsthetic point of view I prefer a calf with a single mouth pushing its nose into a bucket of buttermilk.

Hence, when I read of a man who boasts of possessing a cat with two tails, a pig with five legs, and a bird with two heads, I do not envy him. Some years ago a Persian cat in Sheffield gave birth to a kitten with two heads, six legs and two tails; and, when I read of it, I could not think of it as a more than nine-days wonder in comparison with Moth and all the normal kittens I had known. Who but a showman would accept a present of such a fantastic beast? In regard to such natural monstrosities, I am of the same mind as the inhabitants of an island off the Breton coast when a cow gave birth some years ago to a calf with the head and tail of a dog and with its skin covered with fish scales. "The calf," we are told, "was quietly buried, and nothing would induce the villagers to dig it up again, as it was firmly believed by many that the animal was the reincarnation of the devil." Who could think this of a white swallow, however, which is more like the incarnation of one of the lesser archangels?

A cat with wings, again—how perfectly uncharming! "When on the move," we were told of such a beast, "the 'wings,' which are several inches long, flap like the wings of a scurrying hen." Even so, a cat with wings, however interesting for a moment or two because of its oddity, has lost the interest of being a cat, whereas a white swallow retains the interest of being a swallow.

Of course one likes to see everything—or nearly everything—once, and I have never ceased to regret that I did not take advantage of an opportunity some years ago to see a side-show of performing fleas. I should like, too, to have seen the exhibit of the Mark Twain showman—"the skull of Oliver Cromwell as a boy." I have seen—for twopence—mermaids swimming in a tank; but even in my teens I suspected that there was a fake about it. I even went to see Siamese twins in an Edgware Road music-hall at the beginning of the century—an unpleasant sight, but not without an appeal to morbid curiosity. Such is the general curiosity about freaks, indeed, that the authorities have on several occasions had to protect the public against unhealthy indulgence in it. Fairly recently, for example, Mr. Blakely, the Australian Minister to Home Affairs, forbade the admittance of the Mandarin Wolf Boy into Australia. "Mr. Blakely," it was reported, "does not object to admitting into Australia fat women weighing forty stone or thereabouts, or well-proportioned Zulu pigmies; but he has conscientious objections for the Mandarin Wolf Boy who has been imported for show purposes. He is a repulsive-looking creature. Long whiskers grow from his forehead, jaws and nose. One glance at his photographs was enough for Mr. Blakeley." I confess I should like to have seen the Mandarin Wolf Boy—not, perhaps, so much as I should like to have seen the daisy and buttercup that were once discovered growing from a single stalk—simply because he was so unusual. I prefer the usual, but in a certain measure, I share the craving for the unusual with my fellows.

It is, I think, a morbid interest in the freakish that makes so many people want to see flying bombs or, it might be better to say, to have seen them. I met a man recently who lives in a fairly noisy part of Southern England, and who seemed to regard it as an injustice on the part of fate that he had never been able to see one of these far from attractive missiles. I met him again a few days later, and he was looking much more cheerful: he had seen his first flying bomb, and so no longer felt out of it, like a neglected child at a party. Most of us to some extent share this craving to have seen at least once what everybody else seems to have seen. We feel inexperienced, inferior, even in the presence of small boys on bicycles who call out excitedly as they pass after an explosion: "Did you see that doodle-bug come down?" Yet the flying bomb is little enough as a spectacle. As a spectacle it cannot stand comparison with a flock of aeroplanes silver in the sun high overhead. Even by night it would scarcely pass as a fill-up turn in a peace-time firework show. You see a dark, mythological-looking creature flying across a planet and through an illumination of tracer bullets; the light vanishes, and in the eerie darkness and silence that follow you wait for the thud of the explosion. But how much more beautiful is the planet that afterwards is still shining indifferently on the night! Yet how few people there are who would get out of bed to look at a planet! It is normal, unfreakish, and therefore not particularly interesting.

Of the various freakish things I have seen in the sky, I cannot remember any that struck me as being superlatively worth looking at. A total eclipse of the sun, seen through a piece of smoked glass in its earlier stages, has the interest of the unusual, but a normal fine sunset beats it as a spectacle. The rumour of a comet compels one to go out and look for it; but no comet has moved the poetic part of man as the ever-recurrent moon has done. Meteors and the Aurora Borealis I do not count as freaks; like snow in England, they are rare, but they seem to fit in with the general design of nature.

I do not know whether one can rightly regard stalagmite and stalactite as freaks, but I for one do so. I should probably be sorry not to have seen them once; but now I would not get out of a car to see the most famous of them. I would as soon think of going a mile out of my way to see a rock shaped like the profile of Napoleon or W. E. Gladstone. All these things I have done in my time, but did anyone ever experience the slightest emotion worth remembering in tranquillity in presence of such titbits for the curious?

Had it not been for the coming of the white swallow, indeed, I should have thought I had outlived the capacity for taking an interest in freaks. But somehow or other the very idea of a white swallow is charming, and I only wish that nature had made a few more white swallows and so removed all taint of freakishness from this solitary visitor. One could almost see an olive branch in its beak. I have not seen it again, I may say; and I could easily be persuaded by an expert ornithologist that what I saw was a different bird altogether. Still, I *think* I have seen a white swallow, and it is a pleasant thought —pleasanter even than the thought of the black redstarts nesting among the ruins of the Temple.

Y. Y.

PARIS

(adapted from the French sonnet by Charles Péguy)

From time of swamp to perfumed Lebanon
Paris, twin-galleys, here at anchor rode;
And then through tale of palace come and gone,
Of private griefs, of glory spread abroad,
Of Roman Emperors, of Napoleon. . . .
When our forefathers harnessed to the load,
Who kings had borne and thrice a people's throne,
Hung over slanting oars with shoulders bowed.

We, too, are chained to this, the well-worn seat,
With body, mind and soul must ply the oars,
Bent, broken, bruised but not effete,
Slave on these galleys here between her shores:
Our soul the phœnix rising from defeat,
Our body crouched by Notre-Dame's grey towers.

W. J. STRACHAN

THE MOVIES

"The Adventures of Mark Twain," at the Warner
"Heroes are Made," at the Tatler
"Men of Rochdale."

I am always suspicious of film biographies that begin with a shot of the hero (posthumous and very transparent) speaking to his admiring public against a background of cirro-cumulus lit by the setting sun. You know what the end will be. And, sure enough, here is the unfortunate Mark Twain, hand in hand with Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, wandering from his deathbed up over the brow of a hill towards that restful evening which Hollywood seems to identify with Valhalla. In between, Frederic March struggles valiantly with the script to give a fair and sympathetic picture of the great American humorist. If he has a lot of handicaps, he has a lot of help from Mark Twain. The people he knew and immortalised were a grand crowd; he was a superb and courageous person himself, and, better than any other writer of his period, he drew the portrait of America coming of age. Let Hollywood do its worst —and this is by no means the worst screen biography I have seen—and still those people, and those times and Mark Twain himself, would manage to get the best of it. I do not propose to pick holes in the story; though even the short biography in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* provides at least half a dozen major divergences between the facts and the film. It is good entertainment and manages to show what sort of fellow Mark Twain was. A film which sets out to cover life on the Mississippi, the great gold rush to the West, the Civil War, a lifetime of writing, an idyllic love affair and a lecture tour round the world, is pretty remarkable. All the more when it sidesteps to Oxford in 1907—and what an odd Oxford it is where some of the undergraduates seem to wear Eton collars—to see Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling receive honorary degrees from Aubrey Smith. It will start a new Mark Twain fashion, and that is all to the good.

It was a pleasant surprise to see that Mark Donskoy had made a film based on Ostrovsky's autobiographical novel *The Making of a Hero*. Donskoy was the director who made the superb trilogy about the early life of Maxim Gorky. Those films were memorable for their sensitive and penetrating insight into the mind of a child living among the shadows and brutalities of pre-revolutionary Russia. Ostrovsky

grew up in different times; a railway junction in the Ukraine during the Civil War was a forcing house of courage and ingenuity for a child working with the Bolsheviks. Gorky became an artist; Ostrovsky wrote his book when he was lying blind and half-paralysed from the wounds and privations he had suffered. But both writers were telling the same story of a poor child who became a popular hero. *Heroes are Made* rather disappointed me. Technically, it is more than adequate. There are a number of excellent sequences; the child sweated to exhaustion in the kitchen of a posh café; a strike of the engine drivers; guerrilla cavalry charging from the woods to liberate the town with a dash that would do credit to any sheriff's posse. But the film never gets very far out of the rut of mass heroics. Exciting? Yes, but emotionally unsatisfying. Ostrovsky had a boyhood love affair with a high-school girl which, in the book, has all the faltering charm of adolescence. The film turns it into Rooneyism in the Hardy family. This time Donskoy has given us a good orthodox guerrilla film, which sticks closely to the text of the novel; but he has not captured its spirit.

The film made to commemorate the centenary of the Co-operative Movement is something of an achievement. Working with limited resources, the C.W.S. Film Unit has produced a first-class short. Here is the story of the Rochdale Pioneers and their store in Toad Lane. It is 1843. The flannel weavers and the small craftsmen who depend on them for their trade are in a desperate way. The Chartist; the Owenite; the Socialist; each has his separate remedy. But gradually the idea of a co-operative shop is born. After great difficulties the Pioneers carry out their plan and, in face of opposition and sabotage, establish the little shop in Toad Lane as the first successful co-operative enterprise. I should say this film is the most successful yet produced for the Labour Movement and promises well for future developments. There are enough copies for distribution to those cinemas whose public want to see it.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

AFTER BOMBARDMENT

Freedom I never saw in words:
Not spoken in a text which breaks
As vivid as a flight of birds
Or wonder when a child awakes.

Freedom is thumbed by all mankind
Craving to spend the magic pence
Who yearn because the years are blind,
The span of every day immense.

Freedom may pierce the abstract eye
In glimpses where a soil is sweet
Or even here, beneath avenging sky,
After the guns, when men smile in a street.

JOHN PUDNEY

MAP REFERENCE

Spare us this silence after the guns.
Spare us the glasses quivering in the cupboard;
The thin, mean dust which trickles and runs
Over the intimacies, the cradle,
The pot beneath the bed;
The sky's peering in and the sun's bright finger
Upon the dead.

Spare us the momentary relief,
The comforts of ripe corn, the indifferent lark-song
Ascendant from crater-edge, the grief
Which the place slurs on us
With dazed fowls, tame rabbits eating up the rows
Of the kempt gardens where the dead fell with the dew
And the tall bean grows.

Spare us not the pity which still stalks
In the angry shadow of the head's enchantments
Which flesh the lonely skeleton that walks
Warily, killing or being killed.
And afterwards, in this place,
Suffers the peering sky, the sun's bright finger
On a dead face.

Normandy, 1944. JOHN PUDNEY

Correspondence

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—However much one may agree with the main contention in the letter from Mr. S. P. B. Mais, he can hardly be held to have helped his case by his very sketchy and lopsided statistics. Assuming that his estimate is sound that less than ten per cent. of the five-figure fortune-owners were at public schools, surely to give it any value it needs to be set beside the percentage of the population attending public schools.

On the other side of the picture, whether one finds that ninety per cent. of the obituaries of those who have devoted themselves to peacetime service of their fellow men relate to public-school-trained people depends surely on where one looks for one's obituaries.

J. ALLEN SKINNER

Upper Longridge,
London Road, Harrow.

SIR,—Your correspondent, A. W. Thomas, brings up the question of class snobbery operating against "government scholars" in public schools. I can assure him that nothing a boy might endure in a public school could be quite as bad as that inflicted on a working-class scholarship holder in a local secondary school. The whole English social structure is based on class distinction and the snobbery *within* the working class is as real as that between classes. I attended a State elementary school and lived on a Council housing estate. I could give Mr. Thomas many details of the complicated snobberies therein. Most working-class families despise several other families and forbid their children to "mix" with them on various grounds.

When I won a scholarship to the local secondary school, I was very much at the wrong end of the social scale. After all, my accent was "common." I lived in a council house, my mother was a charwoman. Hence, I endured several years of social misery complicated by the feeling of my family that I was becoming "too good for them." I suppose it is very reprehensible for me—but I would rather be despised by the son of an earl than by the offspring of the local fishmonger. But I am quite sure that there is no social gulf as great as that between the working class and the "petty bourgeoisie" and no society so hard to storm as that of local suburbia.

Incidentally no one appears yet to have paid much attention to a unique school that could claim to have solved the public school problem—Christ's Hospital. I recommend it to the attention of the *N.S. & N.*

Glasgow. R. SHAW

SIR,—Mr. Mais, with whom I thoroughly agree, says that one of the great virtues of the Public Schools is that they have striven to produce gentlemen in the true sense of the word. Mr. Thomas says that, at his old school, the members of the Town House, presumably "free placers," were made to feel interlopers. Surely his school must have failed, and failed dismally, to produce gentlemen. Things have improved generally since his day, as I know from a fairly wide experience, but surely the suggestion of the Fleming Report that "free placers" of 11 should be sent to approved Preparatory Schools should obviate any risk of Mr. Thomas' experience. In any good Preparatory School there must be more personal contact between the staff and the boys than at a Public School, and consequently the boys should accept the "free placers" naturally as full members of the School.

May I quote my own case? A year ago I took two boys, free placers, of different families, aged eight and nine, from Bethnal Green. These boys of average ability were chosen by a well-known mission, not for any outstanding qualities, but because their parents wished them to come. They had magnificent Bethnal Green accents and, in upbringing and environment, were totally different from our average boys. They were only two in a body of 170, but they were accepted quite naturally without any admonitions from me, and are now completely part of the school. They have gone home regularly for the holidays, and I am told that they fit in at home as they did before. I am so pleased with the experiment that I hope to increase my quota of "free placers" in the near future.

From my experience I draw two conclusions:

(*a*) That 25 per cent. "free placers" are not too few for the happiness of the newcomers, and that for at least five years, a boy's average life at a Preparatory School, the quota should not be raised.

(*b*) That "free placers" should be sent to approved Preparatory Schools not at 11, as suggested by the Fleming Report, but at 8 or 9, when they are much more adaptable and will be accepted on their own merits.

J. H. LEAKEY

Dulwich College Preparatory School,
Bettws-y-Coed.

WHITE RUSSIANS

SIR,—We know how difficult it is to get accurate information on the sentiments of people living under German occupation across the Channel. Dr. Brandt does not hesitate to give an authoritative estimate of the sentiments of Russians living under Japanese occupation in the Far East. He bases his evidence on the activities of a number of isolated Russians who have been put by the Japanese in control of their compatriots and the existence of a number of pro-Japanese newspapers published in the Russian language. In view of the fact that the number of White Russians in Manchuria and China is (I am quoting Dr. Brandt's figures) 200,000, it is no wonder that the Japanese have taken pains to select a few quislings to keep an eye on so large a community in their midst, nor that they have organised a propaganda service for its rank and file. If Hitler could find a William Joyce to broadcast to this country from Berlin, Japan could enlist the services of a notorious figure like Rodzaevsky (whom Dr. Brandt does not appear to have heard of, while he has bestowed the title of count on the commoner Vonsiatsky). What Dr. Brandt will never find in these publications is any reference to the real feelings of these "Russian monarchists" when they hear the war communiques broadcast from Moscow. A friend of mine who not so long ago returned to this country from Harbin told me that they were elated with joy at the news of every Russian victory over the Germans.

Dr. Brandt appears to take it for granted that all Russian monarchists are longing for a defeat of the Red Army. In that case they would be *plus royaliste que le roi*, as it is well known that the Grand Duke Vladimir, the head of the Imperial House of Russia, has throughout the war, while living in German-occupied Europe, refused to have anything to do with Hitler's "anti-Bolshevik crusade," while some of his close associates have been interned in German concentration camps.

As a final observation I might add that the Soviet press might have thought fit to place on record any subversive and unpatriotic activities carried on by Russians living abroad. It has not done so. None of the calumnies that have been spread about the White Russians have emanated from Moscow.

Reading. IVAN BILIBIN

SIR,—I would not ask for your indulgence and permission to "trespass" on your limited space, if Mr. Brandt's well-informed and, on the whole, unprejudiced article did not contain some unfounded statements.

He says: ". . . there are still many thousands of diehards left among the White Russians in Asia, who share the dreams of their fellow emigrés in all parts of the world for the overthrow of the Soviet Government, the defeat of the United Nations, and the establishment of world Fascism."

I cannot speak for Russian emigrés in Germany because we have no trustworthy information. But from all other sources we know that even in France the Germans have not succeeded in making use of Russian emigrés.

As for their compatriots in England and the U.S.A. (excluding a despicable and infinitesimal minority) not one who knows them would dare to affirm that they are wishing not only "the defeat of the United Nations, and the establishment of world fascism," but even—and most of all—the overthrow of the Soviet Government.

Except a small minority who have lost any influence, my compatriots are above everything else Russian patriots. Any regime which is good for the peoples of the U.S.S.R. is good for them now after their bitter experience and deep meditation. And the far-sighted leaders who saved directly our country and indirectly the whole world are acclaimed by us as well as by the peoples inside Russia.

We firmly believe that if Great Britain and the U.S.A. will follow unhesitatingly the straight line of collaboration with the U.S.S.R. they will find in the Russians trustworthy friends. Only such a policy will at last bring real democracy to all the world, my country included. I. BILLIK

(Russian Barrister and Journalist).

18 Horbury Crescent,
London, W.11.

WHAT IS FREEDOM?

SIR,—Once more, in your leading article on "What is Freedom?" you pose the ineluctable alternative of monopoly capitalism or State socialism. Once more you display an obstinate disregard of the third way, which is libertarian socialism. May I suggest that in so doing you confess yourself completely out of touch with the younger generation which, in so far as it is vocal, is almost unanimous in its demand for something a little more human than "an era in which centralised control is inevitable." If your postbag, unlike mine, does not reveal this, you cannot be completely ignorant of the political trend of such representative journals of the younger generation as *Transformation*, *New Roads*, and *Now*. The young intellectuals of to-day, especially those in the Forces, are pathetically eager for some lead in the direction of a community of free individuals, freely federated on a basis of mutual aid. All you offer them, as an alternative to the capitalist system which, in agreement with you they reject, is a regimentation on the basis of "effective planning" (and what a wealth of sophistry is included in that word *effective!*). You have from time to time deplored the lack of youth and vitality in the Labour Party, and have tended to blame its bureaucratic organisation. But the truth is that the Labour Party, committed to the dreary formulas of State control, has no ideological appeal to youth. Youth seeks some form of social organisation more spontaneous and organic than any that can emerge from centralised control, and it believes that it should not be beyond human intelligence to find this third way. Why so little thought should have been given to this possibility by economists and politicians in this country is a mystery I have never been able to solve. But the "either/or" mentality is not universal, and your informed readers can hardly assume that in countries like Italy and Poland, in a free Spain and even in France, the Russian pattern will "inevitably" be followed. These countries may, of course, find a four-barrelled gun pointing in their direction, but if they live to enjoy the freedom we fight to confer on them, if they are left to themselves and not bribed to conformity by specious offers of lease-lend, then they may follow a third way, and evolve communities of self-governing industries, free alike from "the unchecked rule of monopoly capital" and the centralised control of the State. May I at least plead with you to open your eyes to this third way, and to explore its possibilities in a realistic spirit? HERBERT READ

THE INDIAN OUTLOOK

SIR,—The following extracts from a letter just received from an Indian friend, an eminent scientist and a good nationalist, referring to the debate in the House on 28th July, make an interesting comparison with your article on 5th August on *The Indian Outlook*.

> What great service you have always done to India by advocating the cause of an honest and satisfactory settlement between India and England! I have maintained and still maintain that if politicians are not allowed to interfere in everything it is possible to come to a really good agreement which even the politicians will endorse later on. It has been said that economic development and a generous programme for reconstruction are no substitute for a political settlement. This is not a problem of finding substitutes. It is a problem of co-ordinating and co-operating in such a manner that the differences which may have existed in the past should not only be forgotten but should cease to exist. I hope such a programme will be given effect to . . . Between the industrialists and the scientists the problem should be capable of a satisfactory solution. . . . The political deadlock does not seem to solve itself. But everybody is hopeful. Lord Wavell has in him the capability to seize upon an opportunity when it presents itself, for speedy action. I am personally very sceptical about the success of talks between Gandhi and Jinnah . . .

Referring to the war and the flying bombs he remarks:

> Good many of us should be in England to see these things because nothing develops friendship more than common endeavour in adversity.

These friendly, healthy remarks made me feel better again. No suggestion here at least that we British alone are responsible for all calamities that happen in India—including a birth-rate of 37 per thousand—or that such calamities should be used as the text for political recrimination. A. V. HILL

SIR,—I have recently made inquiries at the India Office regarding a teaching appointment at the Prince of Wales' Royal Indian Military College at Dehra Dun (United Provinces) for which applications were invited. I was supplied with a circular giving conditions of service and I feel sure that your readers will share my sense of dismay on learning of the qualifications deemed desirable by the India Office.

While they appear to attach small importance to academic attainments great store is set by the "right" kind of education. In these allegedly democratic days it is surely surprising to find not only that a strong bias still exists in favour of the old school tie but that the India Office should have the effrontery quite openly to parade their snobbishness. In the words of the circular: "It is desirable that candidates should be public school men. Preference will be given to those who have had public school teaching experience."

The thought of employing outsiders must send cold shivers down the spines of pukka sahibs.

BRITISH UNTOUCHABLE

THE WARSAW TRAGEDY

SIR,—Your comment on the Polish rising in Warsaw seems to be biased to the point of falsification. If General Sosnkowski did indeed act without specific reference to London or Moscow in giving orders for revolt, he must have been aware that on July 30th, two days before the orders were sent out, the Russian-controlled Kosciuszko radio station gave the call "To arms!" to "the whole population" of Warsaw. If that were not enough to persuade the Polish C.-in-C. that the moment was considered ripe by the Red Army, on the same day the Polish Workers' Party, which had hitherto given every sign of being the tool of Russia, repeated the call to revolt, and indeed set the lead in so doing.

There is indeed considerable mystery surrounding the whole unfortunate affair; but perhaps the blame lies at least as much with the Russian army commanders in the locality, who, either rash or ill-informed, underestimated the strength of the German positions round the city, as with the Polish High Command, who certainly cannot be deemed entirely responsible.

52, Wellesley Road, GEOFFREY C. WALLS
Harrow.

[This letter, which is founded on a misunderstanding, is referred to in our comments on p. 130.—ED., N.S.]

THE ECONOMICS OF PEACE

SIR,—The NEW STATESMAN'S notice of Walter Padley's recent book is in my judgment (and not in mine alone) seriously inaccurate and misleading.

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ROUTLEDGE

The Economic Problem of the Peace, according to your reviewer, "produces nothing beyond the slogans of the Independent Labour Party." Were this true, I should be the last to defend it, since it was precisely because of my disagreement with those slogans that I ceased to be National Chairman of the I.L.P. in 1941. But it is not true. Mr. Padley's case is that:—

1. Peace requires the abolition of national sovereignty and the federation of Europe, excluding the U.S.S.R.

2. This must be accompanied by economic unification.

3. Europe is, in fact, a region whose natural resources are so distributed that it is particularly suited to organisation as a single economy.

4. To maintain peace, this economy must be Socialist.

Your reviewer disagrees with the fourth thesis. So do I. It seems clear that there are forms of political control and economic organisation nearer to slavery than to Socialism, and nevertheless capable of preserving peace for an indefinite period. But the distinctive contribution of Mr. Padley to the discussion is not the I.L.P. slogan of (4) but his wealth of statistical support for (3). Further, the reference to his Marxism, while not equally untrue, is equally misleading. Padley has profited by his close study of Keynes, and his theoretical position is near that of Mrs. Joan Robinson. Any tendency to uncritical "Marxist-Leninism" has been further counteracted by his support of Rosa Luxembourg, and his Trade Union experience has assisted him to a realistic assessment of the non-revolutionary character of the British working class. All these influences are clearly visible in his work, which is far removed from mere slogan-repetition. Finally, his eighth chapter is the best short analytical summary of the Russian Revolution which I have yet seen.

Chesham. C. A. SMITH

SPANISH NOW?

SIR,—May I add a rider or two to your reviewer's remarks on Prof. Peers' *Spanish Now?* I believe we are all agreed that French is, and should be, the lingua franca of Europe, and therefore should keep its paramount position in English education. Prof. Peers, however, scores a point when he observes that for 75 English boys who learn French only one learns Spanish, and that one in 75 is not an adequate proportion to represent the respective importance of the two languages in English life. I believe Mr. Pritchett would agree.

But I should like to add one other point Prof. Peers does not make. Whence this disproportion? Mainly, in my opinion, from the strong anti-Spanish bias which still lingers in English education, both in its direct form—books and schools—and in indirect influences—novels, films and the press. I could fill up all your space with examples. Let me give just one. Every English boy knows the names of Egmont and Horn, beheaded by the Spanish oppressors of Flanders. But few, if any, ever hear of Padilla, Bravo and Maldonado, beheaded in Spain by the Flemish oppressors one generation earlier. And yet, though the motives in both cases were mixed, no serious historian would doubt that the three Spaniards have a more indisputable claim to have died for the liberties of the people than the two Flemings, who in many ways may be said to have fought to defend aristocratic privileges. SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

Reform Club, London.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

Sir,—Your self-styled "middle-aged" correspondent suggests that many individuals in the U.S. Army would have been improved if caned when young.

I have remarked that many individuals in the U.S. Army do not look as if they had been frightened and humiliated when young, possibly for lack of caning.

The second paragraph of his letter seems to have little bearing. I believe "mental nagging" is quoted from D. H. Lawrence, who thought that a mother's slap in a fit of anger is better than mental nagging. D. H. Lawrence did not specify any age of childhood, but as it is highly unusual for mothers to slap children of public-school age, I cannot believe that he had any such procedure in mind—let alone a headmaster's cane.

May I add that, although an Englishwoman, I feel as debased in my nation by the practice of caning boys as my American sister would like me to feel.

M. C. GROVE

YUGOSLAV EMERGENCY

SIR,—The newly published agreement between the Yugoslav Government in London and the National Committee of Liberation led by Marshal Tito, draws attention once again to Yugoslavia's gallant resistance to our common enemy.

But three years of uncompromising struggle against fearful odds have exacted a terrible price from the people and their army. A ruthless foe has ravaged their country, industry and transport have been destroyed and millions left homeless. Not only is there a tragic shortage of all ordinary requirements of life for the civilians, and particularly the children, but the Army of Liberation itself is in sore need of medical and other goods.

In last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION you draw the attention of your readers to the Yugoslav Emergency Committee (British). This Committee believes that the time has come when a special effort should be made to send help—generous help—from the British people to the Yugoslavs and their army and partisans, and so to express our admiration and sympathy in a practical form. Whilst preserving independence of action, it will work in consultation with Dr. Subasic, the Yugoslav Prime Minister, and with other Yugoslavs here who have the confidence of the Liberation Movement in Yugoslavia. The need is urgent—help must reach the country before the winter. The Committee is making an urgent appeal for funds, and donations will be gratefully received by the Hon. Treasurer, W. G. Gilbert, C.B.E., 5, Kensington Court Gardens, W.8.

R. W. SETON-WATSON
Chairman

FREEDOM AND ART

SIR,—Critic complains of my having written: "So long as the Nazi mentality is destroyed, it doesn't matter if no good poem or symphony or canvas is achieved in Europe for a hundred years." Critic adds: "Which is rather like saying that as long as I get over this attack of pneumonia, it does not matter if I survive, deaf and dumb and a hopeless imbecile."

I suggest that there is a confusion of thought here. No reasonable person would wish to survive pneumonia at the cost of being deaf and dumb and a hopeless imbecile for life. On the other hand, I hold that a Europe which had got rid of the Nazi mentality at the cost of its art-productivity would still be worth living in, whereas a Europe under the heel of the Nazis would be unbearable even if it were rich in Schuberts.

I would rather live a free man in a world without art than be a tortured slave, or see other people tortured and enslaved in a world spawning masterpieces.

The value of art in a free world is not questioned. My point is that freedom, which is the stuff of life, comes first, and art, which is its loveliest decoration, second. It is a characteristic of intellectuals that they should fail to understand that which simpletons grasp without difficulty. JAMES AGATE

[Critic writes: My complaint was with what Mr. Agate wrote, not with what he now says he meant. Like Mr. Agate, I regard a free world as the greatest of goods; I disagreed when he said that the creative blossoming of freedom was not important provided the Nazi mentality is destroyed. Mr. Agate knows that he was wrong and that, in a period when the philistines rage, my protest was worth making. —ED., *N.S. & N.*]

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NICHOLSON & WATSON

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WHEN this war is over a number of the men and women who have had adventures and experiences out of the ordinary will desire to set them down in writing. Before these people do so, I recommend them to read one or two of those publications of the Hakluyt Society which record the voyages of Elizabethan merchants and sailors. They are a lesson in plain writing. The awful age of writing "up"—which, I suppose, is a 19th century invention, and the attempt of reach-me-down literacy to reach up—had not set in. No one in the 16th and 17th centuries seems to have given himself the pain of writing unless he had something to say; no one seems to have written badly. I do not mean that the Elizabethan captains or merchant factors wrote works of literary importance — though Ralegh is a minor master and on a lower plane, Wm. Dampier has considerable merit—but they were always able to put down facts and even fancies plainly, without trying to cut a figure. Perhaps their salvation was that writing came hard to them; perhaps they were saved because they were writing reports which had no intent beyond usefulness; perhaps, in their longer narratives, they owed their instruction to the influence of the Bible, which was every man's book and primer. And there is something else. Small events induce a writer to make the most of them and show off. He becomes more important than his material and ekes it out like an actor. But large events—and the great age of discovery was one of the largest events in the history of the human race—so fill the imagination and take possession of the mind that a writer is made modest by them. He knows that thousands of others are in the experience with him. "By the mercy of God we sighted land. . . ." That phrase, so often recurring in these narratives, is not a piece of conventional piety; nor even does it convey only that sense of awe or wonder which we think was commoner in those times than now. There is something of a cry from the unconscious in it, from those submerged emotions of vast hope and awful alarm which united all who lived through the powerful revolution of the discoveries. The cry rises from the agony of a time when men were growing beyond their own comprehension and were acting beyond it, too. In the humblest record, even when it is merely a navigator's notes on the winds, the currents, the rocks and the shoals of some new sea, one is aware of its part in the general picture. And the writer, by the care of his notes, seems to have been aware of it as well. We who read now may be struck by the naivety of these men, when really we should be more impressed by their ready response to their own time and to the force that was driving it forward. To call these men adventurers—these poor unknown seamen who died like flies of scurvy, the calenture and "the bloudy flixe"—is a commendation with a sting in it. They are the casualties of revolution, expiating the violence that burns within the brain. Necessity, not the romance of adventure, makes them heroic figures. It is something that comes from outside themselves. When I read popular and patriotic evocations of the Elizabethans I always find something unreal, reactionary, and not at all Elizabethan about them: something which lacks a consciousness of our time, as it also lacks an understanding of theirs.

I may have been persuaded too far in the unromantic direction by reading *The Voyage of Sir Henry Middleton to the Moluccas*,* for this is not one of the great voyages, and is not, strictly speaking, Elizabethan. The East India Company, founded at the end of the reign, was not in an ebullient state of mind. Funds were hard to raise, the failing health of the Queen and the exhaustion caused by the war with Spain, had brought the company's affairs almost to a standstill; and the cautious speculators of the City went through the motions of putting their hands into their pockets when the old Queen denounced them for letting the Spaniards, and especially the Dutch, outstrip them, but were careful not to bring any money out. When Middleton sailed with his four little ships on what was his second journey to the Moluccas, he was going not on a voyage of discovery, but to trade on ground already known. He, in fact, succeeded in pushing British trade farther east than it had ever gone, but that does not strike us as a dramatic achievement. The interest of the narratives in this book lies in their detail. We detect one of the earliest sketches of the mind of the British trader. The piratical mood has gone or, at any rate, it is not here. Strength and flair Middleton has, but they are the qualities of the negotiator. This man does not want trouble. He leaves the Portuguese and the Dutch to fight it out between them. He listens to this side and to that; but all he wants to find out is how his main job of buying pepper, cloves, nutmeg and silks is going to be affected by other people's quarrels. He hopes it doesn't mean that he will get nothing but pepper.

This sounds too Levantine a mind to keep our attention; but it has another side. This Englishman has a startlingly clear sense of what he will stand and what he won't stand. He is determined to be respected, that he shall not be rated below the Dutch or the Portuguese because his ships are few and his countrymen little known in the Moluccas. He is determined to be rated above them. On that point he will not yield; and neither will his factors nor his crew. And this is not mere national pride, like the ruinous Spanish pride; nor is it Dutch bombast; it is the first stride forward of the negotiator who, like a good general, chooses his ground always, if he can. They keep the Queen's birthday in style—fourteen of them march up and down their warehouse yard all day, and with a quiet ceremony which astonishes and at last impresses the natives. That was the intention. Middleton and, later on, Scott, who was left behind for some years in charge of the factory, led a quiet but immovable minority. They know when to lose their tempers, when to play for time, when to tell a lie in style, how to eliminate revenge and to insist on justice. Their principles and their interests tell them things must be done in the light of custom and order. They know when they are licked commercially —and the Dutch had all the winning cards in this trade—but they hang on. It pays in the end. The backers in London got 95 per cent. on their money.

Not an heroic picture; but neither is it humdrum. The plum among the narratives in this book is less the story of the voyage, though that is good enough, than the "exact discourse" of Scott, the factor, who was left at Bantam for three years in charge of the trading post. This was published in 1606, and has not been reprinted until now. Scott's narrative, whether he wrote it himself or not, is a plain one, but curious, often exciting and very moving. Scott was a sound man; he was so keen to go on this voyage that he offered to go without pay and even to pay for his keep; he was a prudent but active manager; and he was fearless and undismayed when terrible actions were inevitable. He never quite lost his head—and there was plenty of excuse for a weaker mind—and he was merciful.

Scott's life at Bantam might be described as three years of fire-watching. The aim of the natives was to pillage the stock of the Europeans and to play one group off against the other. Their plan of robbery was simple. They fired the warehouses, they even fired the town. One gang even dug a mine under Scott's warehouse and put a lighted candle through a hole in the floor boards. Then, in the confusion, they ran round to offer to put out the fire, looted what they wanted and, on top of this, extorted heavy payment as firemen. The firing of Scott's warehouse by means of a mine led to one of those scenes of torture from which the Elizabethans did not flinch. In Scott's plain words it is clear he is describing what is the accepted custom of his age; torture was a science. But when Scott had to deal with one of his mulattoes who ran amok and killed a Dutchman, among others, one sees a different man. Scott would not allow the Dutch to avenge themselves. There must be justice, a proper trial, an execution according to the customs of the country. He worried very much—it is part of Scott's charm that he is a worried man—because the mulatto, who was a Christian convert, would not prepare his soul for the next world. There is one revealing touch in this story. The natives were entitled to fine the English for the murder. Their King was a boy living under an extortionate Protector. Scott was short of money. He was determined on justice, but if the Protector demanded too much Scott made up his mind to hand the murderer over to the vengeance of the Dutch. This reservation completes Scott as a character; he is a good man, but he is a business man; there are limits to his goodness.

One of the great events of Scott's time at Bantam was the circumcision of the boy King and Scott's account of his own misfortunes breaks into a more cheerful description of the native festivities. It was the duty of the people, including the Europeans, to bring gifts. The English were few and poor, and they were obliged to make up in art what they could not provide in value. The Dutch did not bother to dress up for the festival, and actually walked in the procession with their shirts hanging out; but the English put on silk suits and tied their country's colours round their hats. But the British gift was the thing. Not great, "yet it was pretty and such as they had not seen the like before." They dug up a young pomegranate tree, full of fruit, and set it in a cage of rattan.

> "At the roote of this tree we placed earth, and upon that greene turfes, so that it stood as if it had been still growing. Uppon these turfes wee put three silver-heard connyes, which our Vize-Admirall had given me; and at the top, and round about upon the bowes, we with thride (i.e. thread) made fast a number of smale birds, which would ever bee cherping. Soe that the tree was as (if) it had beene growing; prettie strange beasts, the like whereof they had never seene, feeding about it; full of faire fruite; and birdes merily singing on the top. Likewise wee had foure very furious serpents, which the Chyneses there can make artifycally. Upon these wee hung the cloth, which was for the Kings one (i.e. own) wearing; which were pieces curiously wrought and gilded after their fashion. Some other pieces of stuffe there were also, which was for the King to bestowe uppon some meaner of his followers. More, we gave him one faire petronell damasked, a case of pistols damasked, with very faire cases severally belonging to them, the which had great silke strings with tassels of gould. Now wee had no women to carry these things; wherefore we borrowed thirtie of the prettiest boyes wee could get, and also two proper tall Javans to bear pikes before them. Maister Towerson had a very pretty boye, a Chines sonne, whose father was a little before slaine by thieves. This youth was attyred as gallant as the King; whom wee sent to present these thinges and to make a speech to him, signifying that, if our number had beene equall to our goodwils, we would have presented His Majesty with a farre better show than wee did; with many other compliments."

The boy King was delighted with the connies.

The earlier narrative of the voyage out is, I have said, a model of plain statement. It contains a stark and familiar list of deaths, the old story of the enfeebled crew, some rare flashes of pleasure, as in an excellent description of a whale hunt; and one of those deadly simple interviews between enemies about to declare war which might have come out of the Bible. And there is one joke. The traders were always strictly lectured on the need for learning the native languages and studying native customs; and when one of Middleton's men got lost on Maio in the Cape Verde Islands, and could not be found, "The Generall would spend no longer time there, but left him to learne the language." That must be one of the earliest jokes in the story of British overseas trade.

V. S. PRITCHETT

* *The Voyage of Sir Henry Middleton to the Moluccas.* A new and enlarged edition with an introduction and notes by Sir Wm. Foster, C.I.E. *The Hakluyt Society.*

THE ART OF BEING GOOD

The Razor's Edge. By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. *Heinemann, 12s. 6d.*

This is Mr. Maugham's best novel since *Cakes and Ale*, and, appearing at a time when the decline in literary quality is fairly matched by the decline in literary taste, it breathes the atmosphere of another world.

The novel is a considerable addition to the literature of non-attachment, and ranks with Huxley's *Grey Eminence* and Heard's *Man the Master* as powerful propaganda for the new faith or, rather, new version of an old faith, which is called by various names; neo-Brahmanism, or the Vedanta of the West—and which has made its home in somewhat macabre proximity to Hollywood. This does not mean that Mr. Maugham "has been converted by Gerald Heard" and so forth, for in all his previous work there has always been a strong inclination to mysticism and an ill-concealed sympathy for those who turn their back on the world. Mr. Maugham's gallery of bums and beachcombers, his sanguine study in *The Moon and Sixpence*, his interest in the Spanish mystics in *Don Fernando*, and in various Eastern types of holy man, proclaim this obsession through all his work. He is the worldliest of our novelists, and yet is fascinated by those who renounce the world, whether to do nothing, to become artists, to be a Communist as in *Christmas Holiday*, or a Saint as in *The Razor's Edge*. The book is indeed a study in pre-sanctity in the early years of a man whom the author hints is capable of saving the world, if it will ever listen—and it is part of his sanctity that Larry should be in many ways very like everybody else, a delightful simple single-minded Krishnamurti from the Middle West. Since he is to be tempted, we have also pictures of the World and the Flesh: the world in the form of Elliot Templeton, most perfectly drawn of all the characters; the genial infinitely painstaking romantic snob, with Catholic and discreetly homosexual leanings, whose magnificent but empty career of social success Mr. Maugham paints with lingering tenderness, right down to the wonderful death-scene which is a kind of farewell offering to his old corrupt world of Paris and the Riviera, whose eclipse he would seem here both to acknowledge and to regret.

The flesh appears in the guise of three women: Isabel, Elliot's niece, an admirably drawn American girl, charming and sensitive when first engaged to Larry, but moulded by the conditions of moneyed American life into a chic, beautiful, greedy, heartless woman, typical of all well-dressed, noisy, yet withal warm and honest, machine-tooled cosmopolitans. It is Isabel's tragedy to know that Larry, whom she rejected as a suitor because he was poor, is the only man who really attracts her and can bring out her own potentialities. The two other women are Sophie Macdonald, the type of American girl gone to the bad—drink, drugs, sailors—out of the violence of her disappointment with life; and Suzanne Rouvier, Mr. Maugham's familiar female character, the honest whore. She represents the charm and common sense, the fundamentally worthwhile values of French civilisation, as contrasted with the depravity of American, as typified by the worldly Elliot, the savage Isabel, the nymphomaniac Sophie, and Isabel's simple, money-making husband, Gray. These are the material the young saint (who, however, is also an American) has got to work on. On the whole, he is not a success, for in this pre-sanctity stage, in his commonplace, somewhat priggish, larval form, he is chiefly concerned with getting away from people like these and trying to find the truth by reading and travel, manual labour and meditation. He is enlightened by a holy man in Southern India, and the lovely descriptions of this country make some of the pleasantest reading in the book. They also present Mr. Maugham with his hardest problem, that of conveying the mystical experience, that explosive which has so far defied all rational analysis. I think that, on the whole, for a writer who is not a mystic, he has managed to do this: he conveys well the passionate quest for truth which consumes Larry's whole life and which originates in his experiences as a pilot in the last war, when he made the discovery that "the dead look so terribly dead when they're dead." Thus the moment of faith to which it leads up comes as no surprise. But of what faith? This seems to me the real difficulty: to a sceptical mind it seems doubtful whether human beings actually possess the apparatus which can discover truth, and when they pin it down in a doctrine there is always a sense of disappointment. Now, the neo-brahmins of Hollywood have a doctrine, and that doctrine embraces a considerable amount of Hindu religion and Yoga mysticisms, so Larry has to believe in the transmigration of souls, in Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, and Mr. Maugham's attempt to make this convincing seems far more disastrous than the mystical experience or the penetrating criticisms of Christianity which he previously describes. A ridiculous hypnotic trick, an example of suggestion, is made use of as a "sign" of power, and the vision of Larry's previous selves also fails to come off. It would have been better for the novel not to have confined Larry to any known religious system: to let him have his revelation and then leave it at that.

The Razor's Edge shows a great technical improvement on the author's recent novels. He handles his four or five characters to perfection, and includes himself—not as a fictional character—but as the flesh-and-blood Willie Maugham of real life, with complete mastery. Here is a novelist right inside his own novel, not a mere stooge or onlooker, or larger than life, as a *deus ex machina*, but on the same plane as all the other characters, not more real nor less—a brilliant feat, carried off with quiet mastery. The too short staccato sentences which often mar his style have also been expanded; there is less of "I have a notion," and the writing is delightfully flexible, vivid and easy. Everything appears haphazard, yet everything is to the point. Maugham is the greatest living short-story writer, and so one expects his handling of plot to force one into a breathless, non-stop reading from the first page to the last, and his character-drawing and observation to be in the fine tradition—but one would not expect to be so captivated by the brilliant fluency of the writing. Here at last is a great writer, on the threshold of old age, determined to tell the truth in a form which releases all the possibilities of his art. His comments and asides excite us in their justice, and sometimes by their rancour. He has, for example, a note of particular asperity whenever there is any question of the standing of writers in the social world. If there is one thing to regret about this novel it is that it is written not for us but for Americans: one detects a considerable amount of playing down to the transatlantic common man and a faintly disapproving attitude to Europe and this country. Mr. Maugham has never been a master of words; he has always preferred the *mot moyen* to the *mot juste*; he is incapable of those flights of vocabulary which we find in the great living stylists: Logan Pearsall Smith, E. M. Forster, Max Beerbohm—but even he should know better than to use "exquisitely gowned" or various slangy expressions (not in dialogue but in the author's musings) which are already out of date. Yet if his book is written for Americans, it is certainly a tract for them! Never have their weak points been so tactfully yet remorselessly suggested—Mr. Maugham never forgets the spiritual dust-bowl which every American carries within him, and which he vainly tries to irrigate with alcohol, statistics or labour-saving devices. "I have a notion," Mr. Maugham seems to say, "that the new Messiah is going to have his work cut out." Here is his final judgment:—

> Larry has been absorbed, as he wished, into that tumultuous conglomeration of humanity, distracted by so many conflicting interests, so lost in the world's confusion, so wishful of good, so cocksure on the outside, so diffident within, so kind, so hard, so trustful and so cagey, so mean and so generous which is the people of the United States.

It has puzzled me, considering the sheer delight that I and all my friends have received from this novel, that it has been so uncharitably reviewed. Are we becoming incapable of recognising excellence when we see it? I think prejudice is to blame, prejudice against any book which so perfectly recaptures the graces that have vanished, and against any writer who is so obviously not content with the banal routine of self-esteem and habit, graced by occasional orgies of nationalism and herd-celebrations, with which most of us, from the lovely Isabels and exquisite Elliot Templetons, down to the tame gravel-throwing apes of Fleet Street, fidget away our one-and-only lives.

CYRIL CONNOLLY.

THE LEVELLERS

Leveller Manifestoes of the Puritan Revolution. Edited by DON M. WOLFE. *Nelsons, New York.* $5.

The Levellers have had less than their due from English historians. Gardiner was incapable of prejudice, but it is rather obvious that this reckless party of pioneers did not interest him. Godwin, whose *History of the Commonwealth* is still worth reading, might have understood them if he had written it in his daring youth; in later life John Lilburne roused him to violent disapproval. Fortunately American scholars are redressing the tilted balance. Their interest is natural In our climate the Levellers' tree of liberty bore no fruit, but in the next century their central idea ripened in the American Constitution. Their *Agreement of the People* remained in our island merely a draft, though brave men laid down their lives for it; but in Philadelphia the Founding Fathers realised its essence—the proposal that the sovereign people should affirm a Charter of fundamental civic rights with which even Parliament might not tamper.

It happens, accordingly, that the only adequate monograph on the Levellers is by an American student, Mr. Calvin Pease. Their Left Wing, the Diggers, comes to life again in Mr. Petegorsky's study, while we have to thank Cornell University for a nearly complete edition of Winstanley's works. To these books we have now to add a welcome collection of the Leveller manifestos, edited by Mr. Don M. Wolfe, with valuable critical notes and a full and readable introduction. The documents are well printed, and are therefore much easier to read than the photographed tracts in Haller's collection, though some students would have preferred modern spelling. The selection is good and errs, if it does err, on the side of thoroughness, for each of the three versions of the *Agreement* is given verbatim. The more important of these documents are to be found in that splendidly catholic collection, *Puritanism and Liberty*; but Mr. Woodhouse contrived to pack so much into one volume only by compressing here and there and omitting what is not essential. Haller reproduces only a few of these manifestos. In short, Mr. Wolfe has given us much that we can get nowhere else—not even, while the war lasts, in the British Museum.

It is right to stress, as all American students do, the contribution the Levellers made to political theory and to the history of liberty. But this is too abstract a view of them. There are few more stirring pages in English history than the struggle of the Levellers for liberty, first against the plutocracy of the Presbyterian City and then against Cromwell and the "grandees" of the Army, turned totalitarians in spite of themselves. There are in our annals few personalties as astonishing as Lilburne's, and at his elbow there was Overton, who ranks as a pamphleteer not far behind Defoe and Cobbett. Then there is Walwyn, by far the most interesting intellect of the three, who combined with his militant humanity and his gracious tolerance a touch of scepticism that recalls his beloved Montaigne. My own belief, as confident

as it is unorthodox, is that the Levellers came much nearer to winning the politically conscious part of English society than any of the classical historians will admit. Even Mr. Wolfe accepts the usual view that they were a small minority. But manifestly Cromwell and Ireton rated their influence high and paid heavily in a vain effort to win them. For the last of their big petitions they secured just short of 100,000 signatures—an immense number in a population of less than five millions, two-thirds of it illiterate; say, ten per cent. of the adult males. They were the first English party to organise on modern lines, with local branches, paying members, an elected leadership, a weekly newspaper and itinerant organisers, who were winning county after county, when Cromwell decided to destroy them. His fear of their unique prowess as organisers may have been one of the reasons which led him to purge Parliament instead of risking an election. Their ideas, moreover, ranged far beyond their main constitutional innovation and included manhood suffrage, universal education, humanity in our criminal law and a tolerance that boldly included Catholics. Most significant of all, they would have saved the peasantry by undoing the enclosures and converting into freehold the customary "base tenures" by which the little man in the village held his precarious strips of England's soil. Piety to their memory demanded these documents.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

PRISONERS OF WAR

Prisoner from Alamein. By BRIAN STONE. *Witherby.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

A Prisoner from Germany. By ROBERT GUERLAIN. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Although these two books are by prisoners of war, an account of their treatment as such is not their main object nor the thing that gives them the life and value they possess. They are books that have been fired by a spiritual experience; they are not therefore made books but books that wanted to be written and can be recommended. In Captain Stone's case the impulse comes from his zest for life and adventure, and the tremendous exhilaration he felt as an officer in the Tank Corps in the Libyan Desert. It is this transcending enthusiasm for his job, the interest and excitement of tank warfare, that floats his book above the common rut of war reporting; it interrupts the narrative of his capture, for he breaks off to return to it in his longest chapter entitled "Retrospect," and it enables him, although he is not an experienced writer and his grammar is sometimes faulty, to describe the titanic desert combats in which he took part, swirling about in the sandstorms and the heat, with considerable power and vividness. The spiritual experience of M. Guerlain, who is a French soldier, is the recovery of his faith and self-esteem, the evolution in morale undergone by himself and his compatriots from the lowest ebb of confusion and despair to the full tide of hope and strength. His book is less successful than Captain Stone's because he has felt it necessary, for the safety of his friends, to write obliquely and cautiously; he is also rather repetitive, and there are passages, such as his chapter entitled "Women," which go without saying, and could profitably have been omitted.

Captain Stone, who is introduced to us by Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, was severely wounded on the retreat to El Alamein in 1942; one of his legs was shot off below the knee and the other badly fractured, and he was saved by the Germans in circumstances of great chivalry under fire from our own guns. A born soldier himself, keen and daring ("We decided that war was great fun until you 'catch your packet'"), he naturally responds to such qualities in others, and it is clear, though he does not expressly state it, that he regards the German soldier in the field with respect. He has reason to do so; their behaviour towards him as he lies with his desperate wounds beside his tank, and his own remarkable detachment and fortitude, lend to the first dozen pages of his book in which this episode is described the proportions of the heroic:—

"A German officer came to me at considerable risk to himself and said in English, 'It is not fair; we are trying to get up our Red Cross armoured car to help you and your artillery is shelling it.' So I laughed and said, 'You're telling me it's not fair.'"

"The German who was adjusting the tourniquet nodded towards the body by Geoffrey's tank and asked if my comrade was dead. I told him 'Yes,' and he said, 'It is good'—not meaning, 'Hooray, one less bloody Englishman,' I divined, but just intimating in a sensitive way that there was enough suffering going on without my comrade being alive and in agony."

"After a while . . . I heard someone approaching, and a German appeared, crawling stealthily towards me. He crouched in the gunpit beside me, and then said in rather bad English, 'Hey, Tommy, You give me your address and we be friends after the war, yes?' I didn't quite like this direct approach, so I refused as vigorously as I could without being rude, and after pleading with me for a few minutes he crawled away again. I now tried to whistle the Ninth Symphony . . ."

For Captain Stone is a cultivated man with a passion for music, especially Beethoven; it is a pity, perhaps, that he has not the same feeling for, say, Michelangelo, for he is handed over to the Italians for his nine months of captivity; and, though it is scarcely to be expected that a man of his qualities should find the same congeniality there, it may be thought that he is a little hard on them! "Perhaps I have let my justifiable bitterness towards the Italians obscure the fact that I consider them to be a race of no consequence"; and he goes on to accuse them of cowardice, treachery, callousness, corruptness, laziness, procrastination and an inefficiency amounting to criminal negligence. The question of racial "consequence" may seem a dubious one to some of us, who may even go so far as to prefer the races that have none, but we shall not quarrel with Captain Stone, for, in spite of the fact that he underwent unnecessary suffering and a protracted convalescence through Italian carelessness and incompetence, he received also from "this pathetic race" much kindness, and is fair enough to admit and record it. He hands it to them that "the Italian Government . . . must take credit for feeding wounded prisoners better than its own fit soldiers."

With the nostalgic stench of Naples—so repugnant to Captain Stone—in our nostrils, we turn from the insanitary Wops back to the efficient Huns who took M. Guerlain prisoner also, but in a very different manner. The scene of his capture was the Somme at the collapse of France, and he and his compatriots were subjected by their conquerors to the most degrading and inhuman treatment, mixed up with that boastful taunting which is the mark of the bully and the beast. Like Captain Stone, however, M. Guerlain has a sense of proportion and an honest observation, and he makes it clear that this disgusting behaviour was confined to the S.S. troops who took him, and, excepting in an individual instance or two, was not continued in the prison camp in which, with a fluctuating population of anything from 60,000 to 120,000 other prisoners, he spent more than a year. This is not to say that he was in the least well treated; there was insufficient food and totally inadequate accommodation ("We were forbidden to lie down and . . . no more than sixty men out of six hundred could find seats"), and almost the only concern shown by the

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Germans for this vast host of prisoners was to supply their shortage of man-power by getting as many of them as possible out on Kommando jobs by hook or by crook and in spite of international conventions; but as a result of the spontaneous and courageous acts of good nature of such men as Herr Weberstedt with his little bag of sweets, and Colonel Kluge, the chief medical officer, M. Guerlain and his fellow prisoners came to see that there were good and bad Germans, and "learned to distinguish between the Nazis and the non-Nazis, between those who are their bitter enemies, those who are neutral, and those who will one day help them." The attitude of the civil population towards the prisoners working for and among them confirmed this:—

> The zeal once shown in aiding the authorities to watch the prisoners now leaves more and more to be desired. Hostility is rare, and indifference is the general rule; often, however, this goes as far as complicity. Not for nothing do the German papers frequently publish lists of extremely severe punishments inflicted on civilians who are found guilty of having had amicable relations with prisoners.

All this and other factors which exposed the weakening of Nazi power, the rot that was setting in, including a glimpse they had of some newly arrived British prisoners, captured but not conquered, and how much more considerate they were treated, gradually raised the French prisoners from their early mood of doubt and defeatism, and inspired them with a new spirit and a new faith.

J. R. ACKERLEY.

THE INDIVIDUAL EYE: A QUEST FOR AN IDENTITY

Don't Keep the Vanman Waiting. By ADAM DE HEGEDUS. *Nicholson and Watson.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

When Adam de Hegedus was twenty-one he spent five months in England. This was in 1927. He lived in a boarding-house, South Kensington; he read for his Doctorate in Law in the British Museum; he wandered through the London streets. All these things many others have done. He also fell painfully in love with England, abandoned his plans for the Hungarian Diplomatic Service, and became an Englishman—an English writer, moreover. The author does so many things well; we accept his success. But a mere recital of facts does not bring to life the Mercutian quality of his introduction; it is too bleak and distant for this likeable, elusive personality who for the greater part of his book seems so easy to meet, so disarming in his confidences, yet so difficult to know. A casually opened page is misleading, too, because the focus is continually changing as well as the scene. He writes with charm about his home—it is a chapter to be read again and remembered—but he writes with nostalgia and intensity of the details of Army life. And then there is the van, which must not be kept waiting.

The first section deals with the scene that has so quickly become history—Europe in 1939. The author goes to a dinner party in London: he admires "the Scottish handsomeness" of the woman sitting opposite him.

> A sweet face it was. Raeburn would have liked it. Then my glance strayed to the Family Badge resting on its silk bow on her shoulder. Then I saw her husband and her brother-in-law sitting at each side of the hostess. I noticed that their ribands of the Garter slightly varied in colour. The eldest brother's was almost *bleu marin*. ("Nonsense," said Queen Victoria to an apologetic Court painter, "sunlight does not fade the riband of the Garter. The dye is excellent.") He turned his head for a moment: his profile resembled his brother's on the postage stamps.

There are his last pre-war impressions of Paris, Milan, Budapest and his home with his stately, unpractical, delightful parents, living in another world. His father is painting a Kalotaszy chest in an eighteenth-century design borrowed from the Museum; his mother will not supplement the deaf servant nor the unpractical telephone as "time is so short."

But is his identity in any of these places? He goes in search of it in the Army, where his passion for mastering new techniques, particularly out of working hours, must have been at times more than vexing. Not that he received any encouragement: for an essay in frustration, read of his attempts to find time to learn to ride a bicycle, the one form of athletic activity which was omitted in his early education. At first he tries to conceal the fundamental differences between him and his fellow recruits, but he cannot conceal them from himself or, indeed, from us. He is, as he admits, the spectator, the writer, who looks at the crowd, mingles with it, but is not of it. How easy, how gifted he is: almost unreal. But the character continues to emerge. He and Count Teleki have carried a tent pole together in his Boy Scouting days. He walks out of *Blithe Spirit* because death, though a "good commodity" for plays, maybe, is not *his* commodity. Like Trooper Coleridge, he writes letters for his illiterate or inarticulate brothers: one a boxer.

> "See here, Count," he said, and he pushed five Woodbines into my reluctant hands. "I met a dame . . . a lady," he corrected himself, "on my last leave, and I want to write a letter to her, but I can't do it. Go on, take 'em fags, I don't want it for nothing. She is a lady, a regular, she talks fine, I mean, she talks about the weather."

He becomes the confessor of a young soldier with a shameful, unhappy secret, but still the observer, he fails to say the words that would keep him from suicide. Through the dial sight of his gun appears, not the smoke of imaginary battle but an aspidistra, the largest, he thinks, in Nottingham. He sees himself in a moment of horror as "suburban, self-complacent." And there are disappointments that finally break through his detachment; his foreign birth stands in the way of any advancement or specialist work, and his real talents are not used. It is a dismaying account, and unfortunately not unique. Yet we look at him newly, for he seems to have met himself in the crowd, at the price of a failure.

But we have by no means finished. The angle changes again. "For the second time in my life," he says, "I felt that I had a clearly defined personal identity. The first time I was a soldier; now I was a van driver." The van Mr. de Hegedus is driving contains cinema posters, which he delivers throughout London. The "Admirals" in green and blue and scarlet livery know him and are his friends. He lives in Pimlico. Resilient and enterprising, he continues to take pleasure in all the fine detail of the immediate day. And how well he writes—not at the expense of living, a fear he himself expresses earlier in the book—for there is something vital in his approach to new work, however mean or sordid it may seem to us. This is so unfamiliar that it antagonises the "crowd," but it is, perhaps, his most admirable characteristic.

NAOMI LEWIS.

The Army at War: Tunisia. *Stationery Office.* 1*s.*

This account of the Tunisian campaign, from the original landings at Algiers to the final capitulation of the Nazi armies at Cape Bon, is the best official publication since the *Battle of Britain*. For those who like their history in pictures, the whole story is told with admirable photographs, captioned with sufficient detail to show the developments week by week up to the final assault; for those who prefer the sober language of communiques, the commentary is more than adequate; and for the many armchair strategists there is a series of clear and intelligible maps which provide ample material for studying

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the generalship of the men now commanding the British Liberation Army. The authors deserve congratulation for an outstanding essay in propaganda and public education.

Week-end Competition

No. 760

Set by Prod

You are a subaltern officer newly posted to a unit in the field. Write a letter to your wife including, in not more than 150 words, a character sketch of your company commander. Some clues to his character are provided by the names which, following modern military usage, he has given to the company trucks. They are "Kedgun," "Lord Curzon," "Louise Labé," "Mildew," and "Gaumont British."

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 757

Set by G. W. Stonier

A new front opened the other day. "Paddington Isolated," flashed the headlines in the *Star*, "S.O.S. Stops All Tube Bookings. Mounted Police Turn Out"; and it was not till evening, after a day of varying fortunes, that the same newspaper was able to report (stop press), "Position Easier." Competitors are asked to celebrate the Battle of Paddington in verse. Any metre, limit 20 lines.

Report by G. W. Stonier

No considerable flights of mock heroic were inspired by this competition. Perhaps, the headlines were good enough in themselves, without elaboration; perhaps (as one competitor suggested) twenty lines was too short a measure. The theme appears to have offered two approaches: either one could survey the scene from a Palladian height, or one could join the hurly-burly. I think the smooth versifiers did better than the rough. Imalech revealed a nice ironical touch, and wins a first prize of two guineas. Prizes of fourteen shillings each go to L. E. J., R. S. Jaffray, and E. G. B. (address, please). Several competitors claim, by the way, to have taken part in the battle themselves.

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FIRST PRIZE

O Western Muse, great Mistress of the Line,
Lend me thy Platform, for the theme is thine;
And thine the Troops I sing, whose sober Braid,
Held back awhile th' insurgent Hosts of Praed.
This mighty Force, ere yet 'twas fully light
Their Station took; those skilled of old to fight
Look to their Train, then close invest the Gate,
Consume their Rations, and in silence wait.
Great Custos fears the spreading sessile hush,
And mans the Barrier 'gainst the coming Rush.

In vain: th' Olympian Female from on high
Gives sudden signal, and to arms they fly:
Each to his own; the Foolish flaunt their folly,
The Mother her Child, the Bureaucrat his Brolly.

A warlike Flood from dark subterrane Founts
Pours endless forth, the Peelers seize their Mounts
And all is Tumult, nor till evening's shade
Does ardour fail or civic Fiery fade.
At night fatigue relieves the Situation,
And Peace and Bradshaw lord it o'er the Station.

IMALECH

It was a drowsy summer's day; old William's work was done
And he before his signal box lay sleeping in the sun,
When came a Bloody Boy, death pale, who shook him hard and said,
"Make haste, Old Man, to Paddington," and tottered forward, dead!

Old William, with eyes aflame, arose and girded on
A Shunter's pole which lay hard by and marched to Paddington
Where regiments of passengers the station staff hard pressed
And fought to seize a footing on the platform for the West.

The first great push had broken through and caught us unaware
Leaving isolated porters still resisting here and there
An armoured thrust of cyclists had torn the front at Ten,
But a masterly withdrawal saved the lives of many men.

At first a serious setback's feared, but spokesmen doubts allay:
The situation's "critical," not "desperate," they say.
Reserves flow in from far afield, from Acton and from Thame;
Contingents from the Midland and the Southern Railways came.

With perspiration, blood and toil the hordes were driven back.
As William from Tetbury came tramping down the track.
All's over—bar the mopping up the last exhausted boob
Who's shoved into a cattle truck, or bunged back down the Tube.

E. G. B.

Bill an' me was fed up with the 'eat an' the stench
An' no beer an' no sleep, in a bloody slit-trench,
When Bill gets a letter: "Fed up, did yer say?
Just you listen," says Bill, "ter this communiquay:
—The Pram-borne Division 'ard fightin' 'as 'ad
In stormin' the platforms at Paddingtingrad;
Strong forces of enemy, massed in the station,
'Ad fust to be dealt with by infilitration;
—'Ere the Nipper done well, crawlin' under the pram
'E sticks pins in their shins till 'e loosens the jam,—
Next I softened 'em up by jabbin' the pram at 'em
While the Nipper stood up wiv 'is bucket and 'ammered 'em;
Then we brings up our armour—an ole luggage truck—
An', by-passin' the barrier, charges the ruck,
Which, moppin, up pockets, in spite of inwective
From all o' them bastards, we takes our objective.
From yer own lovin' wifie (the nipper sends kisses).
—Gor,bless yer," says Billy ter me, "if the Missis
Tikes Paddingtingrad wiv a pram and a kid
We can tike Villers Bocage." And, blimey, we did!

L. E. J.

Not once or twice in our rough island story
The railway platform was the path to glory.
And this not only as at Waterloo.
In name but in heroic action too
Truly romance brings up the eight-fifteen,
And truly battling warriors are seen
In the brave struggle for outlying ways
In these un-dining-carred, these seatless days:
All on a July day of 'forty-four
Humanity assets itself once more,
Defying sanitationless conditions,
Stern to endure its week-end expeditions.
Travel we will and nought shall make us faint
Nor yield the purpose to be where we bain't.
Like homing pigeon or like swarming bee
The one plain issue primum mobile.
Weak yet pursuing, famished, crushed, arrested,
With clothing torn, eyes blackened, lungs congested,
Grasping our tattered battle-flag, a ticket,
We storm at last, though perishing, the wicket.

R. S. JAFFRAY

Boots

PURE DRUG CO., LTD.

LORD TRENT'S SPEECH

THE fifty-sixth Annual General Meeting of Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd., was held on Thursday, the 17th August, at Beeston, Nottingham. The Rt. Hon. Lord Trent, Chairman, presided, and said in the course of his speech:—

ACCOUNTS

This year we have made a number of alterations in the presentation of our accounts, which we hope will give a clearer picture of the Firm to our Shareholders. The main differences are:

(a) Provision for the full liability for Income Tax Schedule "D" on the profits of the year, is shown clearly in the Profit and Loss Account.

(b) The Income Tax deducted from the Dividends paid is now allowed for in the Appropriation Account instead of the Profit and Loss Account. The effect of this alteration is to show the Dividends paid and the net amount received by the Shareholders, instead of the gross amount of the Dividends as in previous years.

In addition we have added a combined statement of Assets and Liabilities of the Retail Subsidiary Companies.

During the year we have increased substantially the liquid reserves of the Company. Though we have as far as possible kept our plant up to date, it has been worked very hard during the past five years. In addition there is a great accumulation of deferred repairs and renewals of damaged shops and premises. These arrears will have to be caught up at the earliest moment merely to bring us back to the position which we held before the war, and naturally we wish to improve upon that. All this will make great demands upon our resources apart from new laboratories which are urgently necessary.

Shareholders will be interested to know that during the years 1930-1940 the Company spent on development of the business over £6,000,000, of which £3,820,000 was from profits. This was used not only for erecting new plant and factories and warehouses, but also for building and equipping large numbers of new shops. I would like to quote a paragraph from my speech in 1934. "As an instance of what has been done, I may quote the action of our own Company, which in the period since 1930—that is, during the depth of the depression—has spent £2,147,972 on properties, fixtures and plant. This has meant that large numbers of people have been given employment by the Firm quite apart from our own 17,788 employees, an achievement only possible because we had the funds available and because the Directors had sufficient faith both in the Firm and in the country to put the work in hand in bad times."

It is sometimes stated that the Multiple Shops are driving the individual shopkeeper out of business. That this is not so in the chemist's business is shown by the fact that during the twenty years between the wars, the number of chemist's shops in this country increased by 5,000 or 50 per cent. according to the most reliable figures available. I have no hesitation in saying that largely thanks to our example the public were getting a much better and more complete chemist's service at a lower cost in 1939 than they were in 1919.

In our post-war programme we have made provision for extensive developments so that we may continue to expand our Research, particularly on problems connected with human and veterinary therapy, and in agricultural fields generally.

The Report and Accounts were adopted.

Company Meeting

UNITED MOLASSES COMPANY

THE eighteenth annual general meeting of the United Molasses Company, Ltd., will be held in London on August 29.

The following is an extract from the statement by the Chairman (Mr. F. K. Kielberg) circulated with the report:—

It will be seen from the statement of combined results for the year that earnings were well maintained, and the consolidated balance-sheet demonstrates the financial strength of the company.

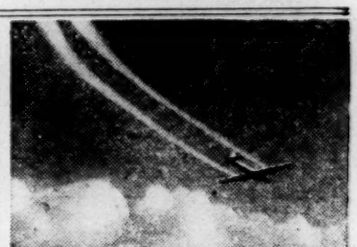
Profits were sufficient to maintain the dividends, cash distribution, allocation (£100,000) to general reserve, and to leave the carry-forward unchanged.

In the United Kingdom the Company continues, in respect of all dealings in molasses, to act as agents for the Ministry of Supply. The income from this part of the Company's business continued to decline during 1943, and amounted to less than 10 per cent. of the consolidated earnings for the year, but since the early part of 1944 there has been a marked improvement, and prospects for the remainder of the year appear promising.

Athel Line, Ltd., suffered further shipping losses during 1943, but I am happy to report that no additional losses have occurred since January 1 of this year.

Taking the group of companies as a whole, trading during the first half of 1944 must be considered satisfactory.

The consolidated balance-sheet shows that combined current assets continue to accumulate, and that at the end of last year they exceeded current liabilities and appropriations by £5,766,000 represented by investments in short-dated Government securities.



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F.15T

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LONDON Philharmonic Arts Club, Fyvie Hall, Polytechnic, Upper Regent St., W.1. Thurs: next, 31st, 6.30 (1st perf.), Sonata—Antony Hopkins; Songs—Helen Fricker; 'Cello works by Tausky & Martinu. Karel Neumann, Barbara Kerslake, Alison Purves, Antony Hopkins. Full partics. of mbshp. from Sec., 53 Welbeck St., W.1. (Wel. 1259).

Exhibitions, Lectures and Meetings

CHARLOTTE St. Centre General Meeting advertised by error as Aug. 12th. Apologies to all who made fruitless visit. New programme begins end September.

ARTISTS of fame and promise. Part 2. Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture, Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10–5.30. Sats. 10–1.

CONFERENCE. "The Next Twenty Years," Llandulas Hall, nr. Abergele, North Wales. Speakers include Caradog Jones on "Population," A. Schreiber on "Germany," le Gros Clark on "Food," Catlin on "Pacifism and Power." Sept. 2nd–9th. Fee £5 the week. Send deposit on booking to Progressive League, 26 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

HAMPSTEAD Group Left Book Club. "Conditions for Full Employment." Aug. 30th, 8 p.m. 31 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6.

SEVENOAKS Common Wealth Branch invite you to hear Elaine Burton and R. W. G. MacKay. King's Hall, Car Park, Sevenoaks, Mon., Sept. 4th, 7.30 p.m.

"THE Essentials of Peace." Lec. and discussion at the Bahá'í Centre, 1 Victoria St., S.W.1, Aug. 27th, 3.30 p.m.

PUBLIC Lecture on Theosophy, U.L.T., 17 Gt. Cumberland Pl., Marble Arch. Every Sun., 7 p.m. Aug. 27th. "The Interlude of Death."

Appointments Vacant and Wanted

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Classified Advertisement Rates on page 132

Appointments—continued

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THE PROBLEMS OF VICTORY

GENERAL DITTMAR hits the nail on the head when he compares 1944 with 1940. 1944 is 1940 in reverse. Four years ago the roads of Northern France were blocked with Allied equipment, while French civilians vainly sought cover from German machine guns. To-day, on a vaster scale, the remnants of German armies are the target of Allied bombers in their retreat towards the Rhine, while Parisians rejoice in a city that is once more their own. In the East the Satellites, which readily yielded to Hitler's coaxing, are repudiating their German masters and anxiously seeking peace with the Allies. We are justified in feeling pride and joy in the contrast. As the full details of the unparalleled horrors of Lublin are reported here, the British public, so slow to believe the truth of German concentration camps, is brought to a more intense realisation of the nature and tyranny from which the exertions of the Allies have delivered Europe. We fought for survival and we have survived. We fought to destroy the empire of Nazidom and its destruction is at hand.

In 1940 Mr. Churchill was right to talk of a war for survival, but 1940 in reverse requires a different attitude of mind. It is true that in the long run Europe will work out its own salvation. But in destroying Hitler's "New Order" the Allies have made themselves, whether they will or no, responsible for the immediate future of the Continent and have promised to substitute a peace of freedom for the desert of Nazi bondage. The problems are staggering and the sharpest contrast exists between the anxious outlook of responsible and informed persons and the emotional reactions fostered by newspaper headlines. Immediately after the war Allied statesmen will face the fact of a Continent devastated as never before in history; problems of food, health, rebuilding and replanning will be urgent and inescapable. Secondly, there are grave political difficulties—of which the most immediate is the Polish crisis with its threat to the unity of the Allies, on which all hope of future peace and reconstruction depends. Thirdly, statesmen know that the defeat of Germany does not in itself remove any of the economic and political causes of war. It merely ends one immediate and ghastly menace. That brings us to the fourth and immediate problem—Allied policy towards prostrate Germany, which cannot be considered in isolation and which is part of the whole European and world problem.

What will the Allies do when they enter Germany as conquerors? What sort of public will they find? We know that most of the population is already ground down to that despairing apathy which is the natural result of ten years of Fascism, five years of war and two of Allied bombing. Despair, listlessness and docility will be the most common states of mind. We must also expect a desperate resistance from fanatical Nazis, S.S. groups and Gestapo, while some of the Nazi leaders will, no doubt, attempt to escape to Spain, and, perhaps by submarine, to the Argentine. Some of the tougher kind, knowing that they are doomed in any case, will become underground gunmen and aim at maintaining a guerrilla war. What else will there be? Experts agree that amongst some groups of Germans there will appear, as in 1918, a mood, perhaps short-lived, of repentance—an almost masochistic period in which they will fully admit every crime committed by their Governments, and readily accept the obligation to repair some of the damage German armies have done. There will also be, as we know from reliable reports, groups of workers in factories who have always been against the Nazis. If we are sane we shall cultivate and encourage such groups as they are able to emerge. We notice with gratitude that Lord Vansittart is now attempting to introduce a note of sanity into the emotions to which he has unwisely appealed. In a recent statement in the *Yorkshire Post* he said rightly that we must for ever destroy the power of the militarists, the Junkers and the heavy industrialists, but "that no one dreams of anything but reasonable and humane treatment for the workers." They must be the nucleus of any Germany with which the rest of Europe must some day live at peace.

Does this summary give any indication of what should now be said by Allied statesmen? They must soon make some pronouncement. Our own self-interest demands it. At present Goebbels is persuading the Germans that they are all to suffer equally and that Allied victory means the extinction of the German people. We do not wish to drive any large section into sympathy with Nazi guerrilla resistance, and since we do not, in fact, intend to set up murder camps in imitation of Lublin, it would pay to state our real intentions. It is agreed that no conditions are to be offered to the Germans to which they can appeal as of right; indeed the barbarities their armies have perpetrated exclude the possibility. But seeing that an occupying Power must necessarily feed the population it administers, there can be no advantage in letting Germans think we mean to starve them. Since we are not barbarians, and since the economic ruin of Germany would be ruinous to Europe and to all of us, our statesmen should face the public with the facts.

A precise statement of our intentions, even if these are very severe towards Germany, would have in fact a useful effect in Germany. A definite picture of Allied occupation, knowledge of Allied proposals for German industry, of our determination to discriminate between war criminals and the rest—these would remove from the minds of Germans the present confusion and terror out of which may well develop a very dangerous anarchy. Germans should be told that in time they may again have a chance of sharing in the new life of Europe. With this should go plans for the economic integration of the European continent. International agencies will have to feed Europe and rebuild its communications. Plans for such creative work have presumably been made; they should be published.

In these matters politicians should show some courage. They fear no doubt the accusation of being "tender to the Hun." Let them be as explicit as they like about full retribution for war criminals. Let them make crystal-clear their intention completely to disarm Germany, supervise her industry and to ensure that she is impotent to do evil in the future. But they well know that in the long run Germans will administer Germany whether we are occupying